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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Quentin Durward. By the Author of Waverley, &c. 3 Vols. Edinburgh, Constable & Co. London, Hurst & Co.

The first volume of this work, dishonourably obtained (as we are assured,) has furnished some of the Journals set up in imitation of the *Literary Gazette*, with long articles, and a prolific cause for bragging of their priority of intelligence and immense circulation. Such priority far be it from us to contest—such circulation may it never be our lot to know; for we cannot steal, and to beg we should be ashamed. The homely adage of “the more haste the worst speed,” has been completely verified in this instance; and though disgusted with the quackery which has made a moonshine mountain of a partial knowledge most equivocally obtained and discredibly used, we should evince a poor sense of the established character of our work with its extensive influence and consequent power, and a strong suspicion of stupidity in the public, were we to employ more breath in blowing away these bubbles.

A copy of *Quentin Durward* enables us to lay before our readers a complete notice of that publication, beyond the first volume of which (however obtained) not a syllable has yet appeared, except the general sketch which was inserted in our last Number. That brief analysis renders it unnecessary for us to go into further detail of the story; and we shall now have little more to do than lead our friends through the pleasant path of quotation.

An admirable Introduction, in the author's very best manner, brings us to this novelty from his pen, a picture of foreign manners towards the end of the fifteenth century. And well is it contrasted with this introductory outline of those of the beginning of the nineteenth, in which the interesting portrait of a restored Emigrant of the old Court is one of the happiest ever drawn even by the master of *Waverley*. The nature and humour of this outwork would detain us, had we not ample occasion to adduce similar qualities in the main fortress: suffice it to say, that in the ruined Chateau of Hautlieu the history of *Quentin Durward* is said to have been found.*

* We must however quote a passage of some little mystification, which is given as part of a conversation with the Lord of the Mansion and his visitor, the author—

“He proceeded, after the pause of an instant, with something of a gayer tone—‘You will be entertained with my poor *La Jeunesse*,’ he said, ‘who, by the way, is ten years older than I am—(the Marquis is above sixty)—he reminds me of the player in the *Roman Comique*, who acted a whole play in his own proper person—he insists on being *maitre d’hotel*, *maitre de cuisine*, *valet-de-chambre*, a whole suite of attendants in his own poor individuality. He sometimes reminds me of a character in the *Bridle of Lammermore*, which you must have read, as it is the work of one of your *gens de lettres*, *qu’on appelle*, *je crois*, *le Chevalier Scott*.’

“I presume you mean Sir Walter?”

The hero, a young Scotsman of the shire of Angus (or Hanguisse, as the Marquis persists in calling it,) and the only surviving branch of a gentle family, whom the Ogilvies

“‘Yes—the same—the same,’ said the Marquis: ‘I always forget names which commence *avec cette lettre impossible*.’

“We were now away from more painful recollections; for I had to put my French friend right in two particulars. In the first I prevailed with difficulty; for the Marquis, though he disliked the English, yet having been three months in London, picked himself in understanding the most intricate difficulties of our language, and appealed to every dictionary, from Florio downwards, that *in Bride* must mean the *Bridle*. Nay, so sceptical was he on this point of philology, when I ventured to hint that there was nothing about a *bride* in the whole story, he, with great composure, and little knowing to whom he spoke, laid the whole blame of that inconsistency on the unfortunate author. I had next the common candour to inform my friend, upon grounds which no one could know so well as myself, that my distinguished literary countryman, of whom I will always speak with the respect his talents deserve, was not responsible for the slight works which the humour of the public had too generously, as well as too rashly, ascribed to him. Surprised by the impulse of the moment, I might even have gone further, and clutched the negative by positive evidence, owing to my entertainer that no one else could possibly have written these works, since I myself was the author, when I was saved from so rash a commitment of myself by the calm reply of the Marquis, that he was glad to hear these sort of trides were not written by a person of condition. ‘We read them,’ he said, ‘as we listen to the pleasantries of a comedian, or our ancestors to those of a professed family-jester, with a good deal of amusement; which, however, we should be sorry to derive from the mouth of one who has better claims to our society.’

“I was completely recalled to my constitutional caution by this declaration; and became so much afraid of committing myself, that I did not even venture to explain to my aristocratic friend, that the gentleman whom he had named owed his advancement, for aught I had ever heard, to certain works of his, which may, without injury, be compared to romances in rhyme.

“The truth is, that, amongst some other unjust prejudices, at which I have already hinted, the Marquis had contracted a horror, mingled with contempt, for almost every species of authorcraft, slighter than that which compounds a folio volume of law or of divinity, and looked upon the author of a romance, novel, fugitive poem, or periodical piece of criticism, as men do on a venomous reptile, with fear at once and with loathing. The abuse of the press, he contended, especially in its lighter departments, had poisoned the whole morality of Europe, and was gradually once more regaining an influence which had been silenced amidst the voice of war. All writers, except those of the largest and heaviest calibre, he conceived to be devoted to this evil cause, from Rousseau and Voltaire down to Pigault le Brun and the author of the Scotch novels; and although he admitted he read them *pour passer le temps*, yet, like Pistol eating his leek, it was not without excreting the tendency, as he devoured the story, of the work with which he was engaged.”

had harried and exterminated in a feud, arrives in France in quest of happier fortunes; but previously to entering on his adventures, we have a finely written view of the state of that country, and of the characters of Louis XI. and Charles Duke of Burgundy. It is the hap of Quentin to encounter the former near Plessis-les-Tours, and to ingratiate himself into his favour, as far as an ingenuous youth could be prized by a tortuous politician. At first Louis suffers the adventurer to be nearly drowned, and then succours him as *Maitre Pierre*, a substantial citizen; while his attendant (*Tristan*, his provost marshal) passes for a still lower character. He is carried to an inn, and kindly entertained by the king, who discovers that he is in search of service, and looks forward to a maternal uncle, one of his Majesty's bravest Scottish archers, and named Ludovic Leslie, or le Balafre, from a scar on his face. At this inn Quentin is blessed with a sight of Isabelle, Countess of Croye, a vassal of the Duke of Burgundy's, but who, with her aunt Hameline, had fled to Louis, to avoid being forced into a hated marriage by that hot and peremptory Lord.

The next character who appears on the stage is his uncle Ludovic; and a portion of the author's description of the interview between the relations is well worth citing as an example of the work:

“The cavalier who awaited *Quentin Durward*'s descent into the apartment where he had breakfasted, was one of those of whom Louis XI. had long since said, that they held in their hands the fortune of France, as to them were entrusted the direct custody and protection of the royal person. . . .

“Each of them ranked as a gentleman in place and honour; and their near approach to the King's person gave them dignity in their own eyes, as well as in those of the nation of France. They were sumptuously armed, equipped, and mounted; and each was entitled to allowance for a squire, a valet, a page, and two yeomen, one of whom was termed *coutelier*, from the large knife which he wore to dispatch those whom in the *melle* his master had thrown to the ground. With these followers, and a corresponding equipage, an Archer of the Scottish Guard was a person of quality and importance; and vacancies being generally filled up by those who had been trained in the service as pages or valets, the cadets of the best Scottish families were often sent to serve under some friend and relation in those capacities, until a chance of preferment should occur.

“The *coutelier* and his companion, not being noble or capable of this promotion, were recruited from persons of inferior quality; but as their pay and appointments were excellent, their masters were easily able to select from among their wandering countrymen the strongest and most courageous to wait upon them in that capacity.

“Ludovic Leslie, or, as we shall more frequently call him, *Le Balafre*, by which name

he was generally known in France, was upwards of six feet high, robust, strongly compacted in person, and hard-favoured in countenance, which latter attribute was much increased by a large and ghastly scar, which, beginning on his forehead, and narrowly missing his right eye, had laid bare the cheek-bone, and descended from thence almost to the tip of his ear, exhibiting a deep seam, which was sometimes scarlet, sometimes purple, sometimes blue, and sometimes approaching to black; but always hideous, because at variance with the complexion of the face in whatever state it chanced to be, whether agitated or still, flushed with unusual passion, or in its ordinary state of weather-beaten and sun-burnt swarthiness.

"His dress and arms were splendid. He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. These had been presented to the Scottish Guard, in consequence of the King, in one of his fits of superstitious piety, having devoted the swords of his guard to the service of the Holy Virgin, and, as some say, carried the matter so far as to draw out a commission to Our Lady as their Captain General. The Archer's gorget, arm-pieces, and gauntlets, were of the finest steel, curiously inlaid with silver, and his hauberk, or shirt of mail, was as clear and bright as the frost-work of a winter morning upon fern or brier. He wore a loose surcoat, or cassock, of rich blue velvet, open at the sides like that of a herald, with a large white cross of embroidered silver bisecting it both before and behind—his knees and legs were protected by hose of mail and shoes of steel—a broad strong poniard (called the *Mercy of God*) hung by his right side—the bauldrick for his two-handed sword, richly embroidered, hung upon his left shoulder; but, for convenience, he at present carried in his hand that unwieldy weapon, which the rules of his service forbade him to lay aside.

"Quentin Durward, though, like the Scottish youth of the period, he had been early taught to look upon arms and war, thought he had never seen a more martial-looking, or more completely equipped and accomplished man-at-arms, than now saluted him in the person of his mother's brother, called Ludovic with the Scar, or Le Balafre; yet he could not but shrink a little from the grim expression of his countenance, while, with its rough moustachios, he brushed first the one and then the other cheek of his kinsman, welcomed his fair nephew to France, and, in the same breath, asked what news from Scotland.

"'Little good, dear uncle,' replied young Durward; 'but I am glad that you know me so readily.'

"'I would have known thee, boy, in the lanes of Bourdeaux, had I met thee marching there like a crane on a pair of stilts. But sit thee down—sit thee down—if there is sorrow to hear of, we will have wine to make us bear it.—Ho! old Pinch-Measure, our good host, bring us of thy best, and that in an instant.'

"The well-known sound of the Scottish-French was as familiar in the tavern near Plessis, as that of the Swiss-French in the modern *giguettes* of Paris; and promptly—ay, with the promptitude of fear and precipitation, was it heard and obeyed. A flagon of champagne soon stood before them, of which the elder took a draught, while the nephew helped himself only to a moderate sip, to acknowledge his uncle's courtesy, say-

ing, in excuse, that he had already drunk wine that morning.

"'That had been a rare apology in the mouth of thy sister, fair nephew,' said Le Balafre; 'you must fear the wine-pot less, if you would wear beard on your face, and write yourself soldier. But, come—come—unbuckle your Scottish mail-bag—give us the news of Glen-houlakin—how doth my sister?'

"'Dead, fair uncle,' answered Quentin, sorrowfully.

"'Dead!' echoed his uncle, with a tone rather marked by wonder than sympathy—'why, she was five years younger than I, and I was never better in my life. Dead! the thing is impossible. I have never had so much as a headache, unless after revelling out my two or three days' furlow with the brethren of the joyous science—and my poor sister is dead!—And your father, fair nephew, hath he married again?'

"'And, ere the youth could reply, he read the answer in his surprise at the question, and said, 'What, no?—I would have sworn that Allan Durward was no man to live without a wife. He loved to have his house in order—loved to look on a pretty woman too; and was somewhat strict in life withal—matrimony did all this for him. Now, I care little about these comforts; and I can look on a pretty woman without thinking on the sacrament of wedlock—I am scarce holy enough for that.'

"'Alas! dear uncle, my mother was left a widow a year since, when Glen-houlakin was harried by the Ogilvies. My father, and my two uncles, and my two elder brothers, and seven of my kinsmen, and the harper, and the tasker, and some six more of our people, were killed in defending the castle; and there is not a burning hearth or a standing stone in all Glen-houlakin.'

"'Cross of Saint Andrew!' said Le Balafre; 'that is what I call an onslaught. Ay, these Ogilvies were ever but sorry neighbours to Glen-houlakin—an evil chance it was; but fate of war—fate of war.—When did this mishap befall, fair nephew?' With that he took a deep draught of wine in lieu, and shook his head with much solemnity, when his kinsman replied, that his family had been destroyed upon the festival of Saint Jude last bye-past.

"'Look ye there,' said the soldier; 'I said it was all chance—on that very day I and twenty of my comrades carried the Castle of Roche-noir by storm, from Amaury Bras-desfer, a captain of free lances, whom you must have heard of. I killed him on his own threshold, and gained as much gold as made this fair chain, which was once twice as long as it now is—and that minds me to send part of it on an holy errand.—Here, Andrew—Andrew!'

"'Andrew, his yeoman, entered, dressed like the Archer himself in the general equipment, but without the armour for the limbs,—that of the body more coarsely manufactured—his cap without a plume, and his cassock made of serge, or coarse cloth, instead of rich velvet. Untwining his gold chain from his neck, Balafre twisted off, with his firm and strong-set teeth, about four inches from the one end of it, and said to his attendant, 'Here, Andrew, carry this to my gossip, jolly Father Boniface, the monk of Saint Martin's—greet him well from me, by the same token that he could not say God save ye when we last parted at midnight—Tell my

gossip that my brother and sister, and some others of my house, are all dead and gone, and I pray him to say masses for their souls as far as the value of these links will carry him, and to do on trust what else may be necessary to free them from Purgatory. And hark ye, as they were just-living people; and free from all heresy, it may be that they are well high out of limbo already, so that a little matter may have them free of the set-locks; and in that case, look ye, ye will say I desire to take out the gold in curses upon a generation called the Ogilvies, in what way soever the church may best come at them. You understand all this, Andrew?'

"The contelier nodded.

"'Then look that none of the links find their way to the wine-house ere the Monk touches them; for if it so chance, thou shalt taste of saddle-girth and stirrup-leather, till thou art as raw as Saint Bartholomew.—Yet hold, I see thy eye has fixed on the wine-measure, and thou shalt not go without tasting.'

"So saying, he filled him a brimful cup, which the contelier drank off, and retired to do his patron's commission.

"'And now, fair nephew, let us hear what was your own fortune in this unhappy matter.'

"'I fought it out among those who were older and stouter than I was, till we were all brought down,' said Durward, 'and I received a cruel wound.'

"'Not a worse slash than I received ten years since myself,' said Le Balafre.—'Look at this now, my fair nephew,' tracing the dark crimson gash which was imprinted on his face.—'An Ogilvy's sword never ploughed so deep a furrow.'

"'They ploughed deeply enough,' answered Quentin, sadly; 'but they were tired at last, and my mother's entreaties procured mercy for me, when I was found to retain some spark of life; but although a learned monk of Aberbrothock, who chanced to be our guest at the fatal time, and narrowly escaped being killed in the fray, was permitted to bind my wounds, and finally to remove me to a place of safety,—it was only on promise, given both by my mother and him, that I should become a monk.'

For this vocation, however, he was unfit; and after being taught the rare accomplishments of reading and writing, set forth, as shown, to push his fortunes. These prosper, for he acts bravely and prudently; saves the King at a boar-hunt, is enrolled among the Scots archers of his guard, and employed on matters of the utmost pith and moment. In the end of the first volume, Crevecoeur, a brave Burgundian ambassador, delivers a hostile message from his master the Duke; but Louis temporizes, and to avoid one part of the ground of quarrel, entrusts Quentin with a charge of the ladies, Hameline and Isabelle, to convey them to the Bishop of Liege for protection, while in reality he plans their being seized by William de la Marek, a lawless warrior, called the Boar of the Ardenne, and disposed of by that savage.

The characters introduced in this volume are finely delineated. Louis, and his ministers or adherents, Cardinal Baluc, Oliver le Dain (his barber), Tristan (his executioner), and his satellite hangmen, Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André, are not only strikingly identified, but the Duke of Orleans, the brave Dunois, Joan, the King's daughter, Crawford, the Captain of the Guard, Isabelle of Croye, and certain Bohemian vagabonds who perform no unimportant parts in the drama, are

all most characteristically woven into the web of this history so unlike a fiction.

The second volume is nearly occupied with the journey of Quentin and his beloved charge to Liege, after the superstitious King has consulted his astrologer Galleoti on the probable issue of that step. Our hero avoids the snare laid for them on the route, and overmatches his treacherous guide, one of the Bohemians whom we have mentioned. A short bit of colloquy on the way may serve as a characteristic sketch of those rude times. Isabelle says—'God knows, I never wished—to occasion war betwixt France and my native Burgundy, or that lives should be lost for such as me. I only implored permission to retire to the Convent of Marmontlier, or to any other holy sanctuary.'

'You spoke then like a fool, my cousin,' answered the elder lady, 'and not like a daughter of my noble brother. It is well there is still one alive, who hath some of the spirit of the noble House of Croye. How should a high-born lady be known from a sun-burnt milk-maid, save that spears are broken for the one, and only hazel-poles for the other? I tell you, maiden, that while I was in the very earliest bloom, scarcely older than yourself, the famous Passage of Arms at Hadinghem was held in my honour; the challengers were four, the assailants so many as twelve. It lasted three days; and cost the lives of two adventurous knights, the fracture of one back-bone, one collar-bone, three legs, and two arms, besides flesh-wounds and bruises beyond the heralds' counting; and thus have the ladies of our House ever been honoured. Ah, had you but half the heart of your noble ancestry, you would find means at some court, where ladies' love and fame in arms are still prized, to maintain a tournament, at which your hand should be the prize, as was that of your great-grandmother of blessed memory, at the spear-running of Strasbourg; and thus should you gain the best Lance in Europe, to maintain the rights of the House of Croye, both against the oppression of Burgundy and the policy of France.'

'But, fair kinswoman,' answered the younger Countess, 'I have been told by my old nurse, that although the Rhingrave was the best lance at the great tournament at Strasbourg, and so won the hand of my respected grandmother, yet the match was no happy one, as he used often to scold, and sometimes to beat, my great-grandmother of blessed memory.'

'And wherefore not?' said the elder Countess, in her romantic enthusiasm for the profession of chivalry; 'why should those victorious arms, accustomed to blows abroad, be bound to restrain their energies at home? A thousand times rather would I be beaten twice a-day, by a husband whose arm was as much feared by others as by me, than be the wife of a coward, who dared neither to lift hand to his wife, nor to any one else!'

'I should wish you joy of such a restless mate, fair aunt,' replied Isabelle, 'without envying you; for if broken bones be lovely in tournaments, there is nothing less amiable in ladies' power.'

'Nay, but the beating is no necessary consequence of wedding with a knight of fame in arms; though it is true that our ancestor of blessed memory, the Rhingrave Gottfried, was something rough-tempered, and addicted to the use of Rhein-wein.—The very perfect knight is a lamb among ladies,

and a lion among lances. There was Thibault of Montigni—God be with him!—he was the kindest soul alive, and not only was he never so discontented as to lift hand against his lady, but, by our good dame, he who beat all enemies without doors, found a fair foe could belabour him within.—Well, 'twas his own fault—he was one of the challengers at the Passage of Hadinghem, and so well bestirred himself, that, if it had pleased Heaven, and your grandfather, there might have been a lady of Montigni, who had used his gentle nature more gently.'

'The Countess Isabelle, who had some reason to dread this Passage of Hadinghem, it being a topic upon which her aunt was at all times very diffuse, suffered the conversation to drop; and Quentin, with the natural politeness of one who had been gently nurtured, dreading lest his presence might be a restraint on their conversation, rode forward to join the guide, as if to ask him some questions concerning their route.'

A graver theme soon occupied them. Orleans, who could not love the match provided for him by the King, could love Isabelle, and follows her escort. Quentin, however, unhorsed him, and sustains a noble combat with his companion the renowned Dunais; till a body of the archers ride up to his relief. The assailants are carried off prisoners, and our victorious Scot pursues his dangerous way, under uncertain guidance, as the following extract will show:

'While he hesitated whether it would be better to send back one of his followers, he heard the blast of a horn, and looking in the direction from which the sound came, beheld a horseman riding very fast towards them. The low size, and wild, shaggy, untrained state of the animal, reminded Quentin of the mountain breed of horses in his own country; but this was much more finely limbed, and, with the same appearance of hardness, was more rapid in its movements. The head particularly, which, in the Scottish poney, is often lumpy and heavy, was small and well placed in the neck of this animal, with thin jaws, full sparkling eyes, and expanded nostrils.'

'The rider was even more singular in his appearance than the horse which he rode, though that was extremely unlike the horses of France. Although he managed his palfrey with great dexterity, he sat with his feet in broad stirrups, something resembling a shovel, so short, that his knees were well nigh as high as the pommel of his saddle. His dress was a red turban of small size, in which he wore a sullied plume, secured by a clasp of silver; his tunic, which was shaped like those of the Estradiots, a sort of troops whom the Venetians at that time levied in the provinces, on the eastern side of their gulf, was green in colour, and tawdrily laced with gold; he wore very wide drawers or trowsers of white, though none of the cleanest, which gathered beneath the knee, and his swarthy legs were quite bare, unless for the complicated laces which bound a pair of sandals on his feet; he had no spurs, the edge of his large stirrups being so sharp as to serve to goad the horse in a very severe manner. In a crimson sash this singular horseman wore a dagger on the right side, and on the left a short crooked Moorish sword, and by a tarnished baldric over the shoulder hung the horn which announced his approach. He had a swarthy and sun-burnt visage, with a thin beard, and piercing dark eyes, a well-formed mouth and nose, and other features which might have

been pronounced handsome, but for the black elf-locks which hung around his face, and the air of wildness and emaciation, which rather seemed to indicate a savage than a civilized man.

'Quentin rode up to the Bohemian, and said to him, as he suddenly assumed his proper position on the horse, 'Methinks, friend, you will prove but a blind guide, if you look at the tail of your horse rather than his ears.'

'And if I were actually blind,' answered the Bohemian, 'I could guide you through any county in this realm of France, or in those adjoining to it.'

'Yet you are no Frenchman born,' said the Scot.

'I am not,' answered the guide.

'What countryman, then, are you?' demanded Quentin.

'I am of no country,' answered the guide.

'How! of no country?' repeated the Scot.

'No,' answered the Bohemian, 'of none. I am a Zingaro, a Bohemian, an Egyptian, or whatever the Europeans, in their different languages, may choose to call our people; but I have no country.'

'Are you a Christian?' asked the Scotchman.

'The Bohemian shook his head.

'Dog,' said Quentin, (for there was little toleration in the spirit of Catholicism in those days,) 'doest thou worship Mahoun?'

'No,' was the indifferent and concise answer of the guide, who neither seemed offended nor surprised at the young man's violence of manner.

'Are you a Pagan then, or what are you?'

'I have no religion,' answered the Bohemian.

'Durward started back; for, though he had heard of Saracens and Idolaters, it had never entered into his ideas or belief, that any body of men could exist who practised no mode of worship whatsoever. He recovered from his astonishment, to ask where his guide usually dwelt.'

'Wherever I chance to be for the time,' replied the Bohemian. 'I have no home.'

'How do you guard your property?'

'Excepting the clothes which I wear, and the horse I ride on, I have no property.'

'Yet you dress gaily, and ride gallantly,' said Durward. 'What are your means of subsistence?'

'I eat when I am hungry, drink when I am thirsty, and have no other means of subsistence than chance throws in my way,' replied the vagabond.

'Under whose laws do you live?'

'I acknowledge obedience to none, but as it suits my pleasure,' said the Bohemian.

'Who is your leader, and commands you?'

'The father of our tribe—if I chuse to obey him,' said the guide—'otherwise I have no commander.'

'You are then,' said the wondering querist, 'dustlike of all that other men are combined by—you have no law, no leader, no settled means of subsistence, no house, or home. You have, may Heaven compassionate you, no country—and, may Heaven enlighten and forgive you, you have no God! What is it that remains to you, deprived of government, domestic happiness, and religion?'

'I have liberty,' said the Bohemian—

'I crouch to no one—obey no one—respect

no one.—I go where I will—live as I can—and die when my day comes.

"But you are subject to instant execution, at the pleasure of the Judge."

"Be it so," returned the Bohemian; "I can but die so much the sooner."

"And to imprisonment also," said the Scot; "and where, then, is your boasted freedom?"

"In my thoughts," said the Bohemian, "which no chains can bind; while yours, even when your limbs are free, remain fettered by your laws and your superstitions, your dreams of local attachment, and your fantastic visions of civil policy. Such as I am free in spirit when our limbs are chained—You are imprisoned in mind, even when your limbs are most at freedom."

"Yet the freedom of your thoughts," said the Scot, "relieves not the pressure of the gyves on your limbs."

"For a brief time that may be endured; and if within that period I cannot extricate myself, and fail of relief from my comrades, I can always die, and death is the most perfect freedom of all."

"There was a deep pause of some duration which Quentin at length broke by resuming his queries."

"Yours is a wandering race, unknown to the nations of Europe—Whence do they derive their origin?"

"I may not tell you," answered the Bohemian.

"When will they relieve this kingdom from their presence, and return to the land from whence they came?" said the Scot.

"When the day of their pilgrimage shall be accomplished," replied his vagrant guide.

"Are you not sprung from those tribes of Israel which were carried into captivity beyond the great river Euphrates?" said Quentin, who had not forgotten the lore which had been taught him at Aberbrothock.

"Had we been so," answered the Bohemian, "we had followed their faith, and practised their rites."

"What is thine own name?" said Durward.

"My proper name is only known to my brethren—The men beyond our tents call me Hayraddin Maugrab, that is, Hayraddin the African Moor."

"Thou speakest too well for one who hath lived always in thy filthy horde," said the Scot.

"I have learned some of the knowledge of this land," said Heyraddin. "When I was a little boy, our tribe was chased by the hunters after human flesh. An arrow went through my mother's head, and she died. I was entangled in the blanket on her shoulders, and was taken by the pursuers. A priest begged me from the Provost's archers, and trained me up in Frankish learning for two or three years."

"How came you to part with him?" demanded Durward.

"I stole money from him—even the God which he worshipped," answered Hayraddin, with perfect composure; "he detected me, and beat me—I stabbed him with my knife, fled to the woods, and was again united to my people."

"Wretch!" said Durward, "did you murder your benefactor?"

"What had he to do to burden me with his benefits?—The Zingaro boy was no house-bred cur to dog the heels of his master and crouch beneath his blows, for scraps of food—He was the imprisoned wolf-whelp, which at the first opportunity broke his chain,

rended his master, and returned to his wilderness."

"There was another pause, when the young Scot, with a view of still farther investigating the character and purpose of this suspicious guide, asked Hayraddin, 'Whether it was not true that his people, amid their ignorance, pretended to a knowledge of futurity, which was not given to the sages, philosophers, and divines, of more polished society?'"

"We pretend to it," said Hayraddin, "and it is with justice."

"How can it be that so high a gift is bestowed on so abject a race?" said Quentin.

"Can I tell you?" answered Hayraddin—

"Yes, I may indeed; but it is when you shall explain to me why the dog can trace the footsteps of a man, while man, the nobler animal, hath no power to trace those of the dog. These powers, which seem to you so wonderful, are instinctive in our race. From the lines on the face and on the hand, we can tell the future fate of those who consult us, even as surely as you know from the blossom of the tree in spring, what fruit it will bear in the harvest."

The man who besets their way, in correspondence with this strange being is still more hateful:

"His name is William de la Marck."

"Called William with the Beard," said the young Scotchman, "or the Wild Boar of Ardennes?"

"And rightly so called, my son," said the Prior; "because he is as the wild boar of the forest, which treadeth down with his hoofs and rendeth with his tusks. And he hath formed to himself a band of more than a thousand men, all, like himself, contempters of civil and ecclesiastical authority, and holds himself independent of the Duke of Burgundy, and maintains himself and his followers by rapine and wrong, wrought without distinction, upon churchmen and laymen. *Impositus manus in Christos Domini*,—he hath stretched forth his hand upon the anointed of the Lord, regardless of what is written,—

"Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no wrong."—Even to our poor house did he send for sums of gold and sums of silver, as a ransom for our lives, and those of our brethren; to which we returned a Latin application, stating our inability to answer his demand, and exhorting him in the words of the preacher, *Ne moliaris amico tuo, malum cum habet in te fiduciam*. Nevertheless, this Gulielmus Barbatus, this William de la Marck, as completely ignorant of humane letters as of humanity itself, replied, in his ridiculous jargon, '*Si non payatis, brulabo monasterium vestrum*'."

"Of which rude Latin, however, you, my good father, were at no loss to conceive the interpretation?"

"Alas, my son," said the Prior, "Fear and Necessity are shrewd interpreters; and we were obliged to melt down the silver vessels of our altar to satisfy the rapacity of this cruel chief—May heaven requite it to him seven-fold! *Perest improbus—Amen, amen, anathema esto!*'"

The loves of Quentin and Isabelle grow on this uneasy journey; but greater peril awaits them after they are safely lodged with the Bishop of Liege, whose castle is attacked in the dead of night by the Boar of Ardennes and the Liegeois, and its master barbarously murdered. Quentin, by courage, skill, and good luck, succeeds in rescuing Isabelle. In

the midst of the carnage he penetrates to her oratory—

"Where a female figure, which had been kneeling in agonizing supplication before the holy image, now sunk at length on the floor, under the new terrors implied in this approaching tumult. He hastily raised her from the ground, and, joy of joys! it was she whom he sought to save—the Countess Isabelle. He pressed her to his bosom—he conjured her to awake—entreated her to be of good cheer—for that she was now under the protection of one who had heart and hand enough to defend her against armies."

"Durward," she said, as she at length collected herself, "is it indeed you?—then there is some hope left. I thought all living and mortal friends had left me to my fate—Do not again abandon me."

"Never—never," said Durward. "Whatever shall happen—whatever danger shall approach, may I forfeit the benefits purchased by yonder blessed sign, if I be not the sharer of your fate until it is again a happy one!"

Through fortuitous circumstances, too long for detail, Quentin finds allies in Pavillon and his party; but they cannot quit the castle without permission from De la Marck, before whom they go:

"At the head of the table sat, in the Bishop's throne and state, which had been hastily brought thither from his great council chamber, the redoubted Boar of Ardennes himself, well deserving that dreaded name, in which he affected to delight, and which he did as much as he could think of to deserve. His head was unhelmeted, but he wore the rest of his ponderous and bright armour, which, indeed, he rarely laid aside. Over his shoulders hung a strong surcoat, made of the dressed skin of a huge wild boar, the hoofs being of solid silver, and the tusks of the same. The skin of the head was so arranged, that, drawn over the casque, when the Baron was armed, or over his bare head, in the fashion of a hood, as he often affected when the helmet was laid aside, and as he now wore it, the effect was that of a grinning, ghastly monster; and yet the countenance which it overshadowed scarce required such horrors to improve those which were natural to its ordinary expression."

"The upper part of De la Marck's face, as Nature had formed it, almost gave the lie to his character; for though his hair, when uncovered, resembled the rude and wild bristles of the hood he had drawn over it; yet an open, high, and manly forehead, broad ruddy cheeks, large, sparkling, light-coloured eyes, and a nose hooked like the beak of the eagle, promised something valiant and generous; yet the effect of these more favourable traits was entirely overpowered by his habits of violence and insolence, which, joined to debauchery and intemperance, had stamped upon the features a character inconsistent with the rough gallantry which they would otherwise have exhibited. The former had, from habitual indulgence, swollen the muscles of the cheeks, and those around the eyes, in particular the latter; evil practices and habits had dimmed the eyes themselves, reddened the part of them that should have been white, and given the whole face a hideous resemblance of the monster which it was the terrible Baron's pleasure to resemble. But, from an odd sort of contradiction, De la Marck, while he

assumed in other respects the appearance of the Wild Boar, and even seemed pleased with the name, yet endeavoured, by the length and growth of his beard, to conceal the circumstance that had originally procured him that denomination. This was an unusual thickness and projection of the mouth and upper jaw, which, with the huge projecting side-teeth, gave that resemblance to the bestial creation, which, joined to the delight that De la Marck had in haunting the forest so called, originally procured for him the name of the Boar of Ardennes. The beard, broad, grisly, and uncombed, neither concealed the natural horrors of the countenance, nor dignified its brutal expression.

"The soldiers and officers sat around the table, intermixed with the men of Liege, some of them of the very lowest description; among whom Nikkel Blok the butcher, placed near De la Marck himself, was distinguished by his tucked up sleeves, which displayed arms smeared to the elbows with blood, as was the cleaver which lay on the table before him. The soldiers wore, most of them, their beards long and grisly, in imitation of their leader; had their hair plaited and turned upwards, in the manner that might best improve the natural ferocity of their appearance; and intoxicated, as many of them seemed to be, partly with the sense of triumph, and partly with the long libations of wine which they had been quaffing, presented a spectacle at once hideous and disgusting. The language which they held, and the songs which they sung, without even pretending to pay each other the compliment of listening, were so full of license and blasphemy, that Quentin blessed God that the extremity of the noise prevented them from being intelligible to his companion. . . .

"The preparations for the feast had been as disorderly as the quality of the company. The whole of the Bishop's plate—nay, even that belonging to the Church, for the Boar of Ardennes regarded not the imputation of sacrilege—were mingled with black jacks, or huge tankards made of leather, and drinking-horns of the most ordinary description.

"One circumstance of horror remains to be added and accounted for: and we willingly leave the rest of the scene to the imagination of the reader. Amidst the wild license assumed by the soldiers of De la Marck, one who was excluded from the table, (a Lanza-knecht, remarkable for his courage and for his daring behaviour during the storm of the evening,) had impudently snatched up a large silver goblet, and carried it off, declaring it should atone for his loss of the share of the feast. The leader laughed till his sides shook at a jest so congenial to the character of the company; but when another, less renowned, it would seem, for audacity in battle, ventured on using the same freedom, De la Marck instantly sent a check to a jocular practice, which would soon have cleared his table of all the more valuable decorations.—

"Ho! by the spirit of the thunder!" he exclaimed, "those who dare not be men when they face the enemy, must not pretend to be thieves among their friends. What! thou frontless dastard thou—thou who didst wait for opened gate and lowered bridge, when Conrade Horst forced his way over moat and wall, must thou be malapert?—Kneel him up to the stanchions of the hall-window!—He shall beat time with his feet, while we drink a cup to his safe passage to the devil."

"The doom was scarce sooner pronounced

than accomplished; and in a moment the wretch wrestled out his last agonies, suspended from the iron bars. His body still hung there when Quentin and the others entered the hall, and, intercepting the pale moonbeam, threw on the Castle-floor an uncertain shadow, which, dubiously, yet fearfully, intimated the nature of the substance that produced it.

"When the Syndic Pavillon was announced from mouth to mouth in this tumultuous meeting, he endeavoured to assume, in right of his authority and influence, an air of importance and equality, which a glance at the fearful object at the window, and at the wild scene around him, rendered it very difficult for him to sustain, notwithstanding the exhortations of Peter, who whispered in his ear, with some perturbation, 'Up heart, master, or we are but gone men!'

"The Syndic maintained his dignity, however, as well as he could, in a short address, in which he complimented the company upon the great victory gained by the soldiers of De la Marck and the good citizens of Liege.

"'Ay,' answered De la Marck, sarcastically, 'we have brought down the game at last, quoth my lady's brach to the wolf-hound. But ho! Sir Burgomaster, you come like Mars, with Beauty by your side. Who is this fair one?—Unveil, unveil—no woman calls her beauty her own to-night.'

"'It is my daughter, noble leader,' answered Pavillon; 'and I am to pray your forgiveness for her wearing a veil. She has a vow for that effect to the Three Blessed Kings.'

"'I will absolve her of it presently,' said De la Marck; 'for here, with one stroke of a cleaver, will I consecrate myself Bishop of Liege; and I trust one living bishop is worth three dead kings.'

"There was a shuddering among the guests; for the community of Liege, and even some of the rude soldiers, revered the Kings of Cologne, as they were commonly called, though they respected nothing else.

"'Nay, I mean no treason against their defunct majesties,' said De la Marck; 'only bishop I am determined to be. A prince both secular and ecclesiastical, having power to bind and loose, will best suit a band of reprobates such as you, to whom no one else would give absolution.—But come hither, noble Burgomaster—sit beside me, when you shall see me make a vacancy for my own pre-ferment.—Bring in our predecessor in the holy seat.'

"A bustle took place in the hall, while Pavillon, excusing himself from the proffered seat of honour, placed himself near the bottom of the table, his followers keeping close behind him, not unlike a flock of sheep which may be sometimes seen to assemble in the rear of an old bell-weather, who is, from office and authority, judged by them to have rather more courage than themselves. Near the spot sat a very handsome lad, a natural son, as was said, of the ferocious De la Marck, and concerning whom he sometimes showed affection, and even tenderness. The mother of the boy, a beautiful concubine, had perished by a blow dealt her by the ferocious leader in a fit of drunkenness or jealousy; and her fate had caused her tyrant as much remorse as he was capable of feeling. His attachment to the surviving orphan might be partly owing to these circumstances. Quentin, who had learned this point of the leader's character from the old priest, plumed himself as close as he could to the youth in question; deter-

mined to make, in some way or other, either a hostage or a protector, should other means of safety fail them.

"The Bishop of Liege, Louis of Bourbon, was dragged into the hall of his own palace by the brutal soldiery. The dishevelled state of his hair, beard, and attire, bore witness to the ill-treatment he had already received; and some of his sacerdotal robes hastily flung over him, appeared to have been put on in scorn and ridicule of his quality and character. By good fortune, as Quentin was compelled to think it, the Countess Isabelle, whose feelings at seeing her protector in such an extremity might have betrayed her own secret and compromised her safety, was so situated as neither to hear nor see what was about to take place; and Durward sedulously interposed his own person before her, so as to keep her from observing alike, and from observation.

"The scene which followed was short and fearful. When the unhappy Prelate was brought before the footstool of the savage leader, although in former life only remarkable for his easy and good-natured temper, he shewed in this extremity a sense of his dignity and noble blood, well becoming the high race from which he was descended. His look was composed and undismayed: his gesture, when the rude hands which dragged him forward were unloosed, was noble, and at the same time resigned, somewhat between the bearing of a feudal noble and of a Christian martyr; and so much was even De la Marck himself staggered by the firm demeanour of his prisoner, and recollection of the early benefits he had received from him, that he seemed irresolute, cast down his eyes, and it was not until he had emptied a large goblet of wine, that, resuming his haughty insolence of look and manner, he thus addressed his unfortunate captive:—'Louis of Bourbon,' said the truculent soldier, drawing hard his breath, clenching his hands, setting his teeth, and using the other mechanical actions to rouse up and sustain his native ferocity of temper—'I sought your friendship, and you rejected mine. What would you now give that it had been otherwise?—Nikkel, be ready.'

"The butcher rose, seized his weapon, and stealing round behind De la Marck's chair, stood with it uplifted in his bare and sinewy arms.

"'Look at that man, Louis of Bourbon,' said De la Marck again—'What terms wilt thou now offer, to escape this dangerous hour?'

"The Bishop cast a melancholy but unshaken look upon the grisly satellite, who seemed prepared to execute the will of the tyrant, and then he said with firmness, 'Hear me, William de la Marck; and good men all, if there be any here who deserve that name, hear the only terms I can offer to this ruffian.—William de la Marck, thou hast stirred up to sedition an imperial city—hast assailed and taken the palace of a Prince of the Holy German Empire—slain his people—plundered his goods—maltreated his person;—for this thou art liable to the Ban of the Empire—hast deserved to be declared outlawed and fugitive, landless and rightless. Thou hast done more than all this. More than mere human laws hast thou broken—more than mere human vengeance hast thou deserved. Thou hast broken into the sanctuary of the Lord—laid violent hands upon a Father of the Church—defiled the house of God with blood and rapine, like a sacrilegious robber—'

"Hast thou yet done?" said De la Marek, fiercely interrupting him, and stamping with his foot.

"No, answered the Prelate, 'for I have not yet told thee the terms which you demanded to hear from me.'

"Go on," said De la Marek; "and let the terms please me better than the preface, or woe to thy grey head!" And flinging himself back in his seat, he grinded his teeth, till the foam flew from his lips, as from the tusks of the savage animal whose name and spoils he wore.

"Such are thy crimes," resumed the Bishop, with calm determination; "now hear the terms, which, as a merciful Prince and a Christian Prelate, setting aside all personal offence, forgiving each peculiar injury, I condescend to offer. Fling down thy leading-staff—renounce thy command—unbind thy prisoners—restore thy spoil—distribute what else thou hast of goods, to relieve those whom thou hast made orphans and widows—array thyself in sackcloth and ashes—take a palmer's staff in thy hand, and go on pilgrimage to Rome, and we will ourselves be intercessors for thee with the Imperial Chamber at Ratisbon for thy life, with our Holy Father the Pope for thy miserable soul."

"While Louis of Bourbon proposed these terms, in a tone as decided as if he still occupied his episcopal throne, and as if the usurper knelt a suppliant at his feet, the tyrant slowly raised himself in his chair; the amazement with which he was at first filled giving way gradually to rage, until, as the Bishop ceased, he looked to Nikkel Blok, and raised his finger, without speaking a word. The ruffian struck, as if he had been doing his office in the common shambles, and the murdered Bishop sunk, without a groan, at the foot of his own episcopal throne. The Liegeois, who were not prepared for so horrible a catastrophe, and who had expected to hear the conference end in some terms of accommodation, started up unanimously with cries of execration, mingled with shouts of vengeance."

A parley ensues, and our hero's party are extricated, with the close of volume II. Before proceeding to the 3d, we may observe, as critics, that the beautiful style and masterly touches of the author are so conspicuous in this volume as to render the story a secondary consideration. These are the true signs of the genius which causes the works of the author of *Waverley* to be so universally prized; and yet they are such as do not admit of our particularizing them."

• Take a few insulated examples:

"We address the same Deity, on the same grand principle of salvation, though with different forms: which variety of worship, had it pleased the Almighty not to permit, our observances would have been as distinctly prescribed to us as they are laid down under the Mosaic law."

"The pith of conversation does not consist in exhibiting your own superior knowledge on matters of small consequence, but in enlarging, improving, and correcting the information you possess, by the authority of others."

"Humanity is never uniform."

"Excessive superstition, a plague which heaven often afflicts those who refuse to listen to the dictates of religion."

"The aged almost always sympathize with the enjoyments of youth, and with its exertions of every kind, when the mind of the spectator rests on its natural poise, and is not disturbed by inward envy or idle emulation."

Flying from Leige, Quentin and Isabelle are taken prisoners by Crevecoeur, who is on an incursion into Brabant. The lady is left at Charleroi, and her knight carried prisoner to Peronne, where, at the court of Charles the Bold, he most unexpectedly finds Louis XI. a voluntary visitor. Here matters had gone on as smoothly as could be expected between the politic King and his audacious vassal; but the news of the murder of the Bishop of Liege throws all into flame. This act of his quondam friends is imputed to Louis, and they are at an entertainment when the tidings arrive. Louis is sent to a gothic keep, where Charles the Simple was "done to death," and in his agony here puts up a curious prayer—

"He paced the room with short and unequal steps, often stood still and clasped his hands together, and gave loose, in short, to agitation, which in public he had found himself able to suppress so successfully. At length, pausing and wringing his hands, he planted himself opposite to the wicket-door, which had been pointed out by old Mornay as leading to the scene of the murder of one of his predecessors. . . .

"Above the little door, in memory perhaps of the deed which had been done within, was a rude niche, containing a crucifix cut in stone. Upon this emblem the King fixed his eyes, as if about to kneel, but stopped short, as if he applied to the blessed image the principles of worldly policy, and deemed it rash to approach its presence without having secured the private intercession of some supposed favourite. He therefore turned from the crucifix as unworthy to look upon it, and selecting from the images with which, as often mentioned, his hat was completely garnished, a representation of the Lady of Clercy, knelt down before it, and made the following extraordinary prayer; in which, it is to be observed, the grossness of his superstition induced him, in some degree, to consider the Virgin of Clercy as a different person from the Madonna of Embrun, a favourite idol, to whom he often paid his vows."

"Sweet Lady of Clercy," he exclaimed, clasping his hands and beating his breast while he spoke—"blessed Mother of Mercy! thou who art omnipotent with Omnipotence, have compassion with me a sinner! It is true, that I have something neglected thee for thy blessed sister of Embrun; but I am a King—my power is great, my wealth boundless; and, were it otherwise, I would double the gabelle on my subjects, rather than not pay my debts to you both. Undo these iron doors—fill up these tremendous moats—lead me, as a mother leads a child, out of this present and pressing danger! If I have given my sister the command of my guards, thou shalt have the broad and rich province of Champagne; and its vineyards shall pour their abundance into thy convent. I had promised the province to my brother Charles; but he, thou knowest, is dead—poisoned by that wicked Abbe of Angely, whom, if I live, I will punish!—I promised this once before, but this time I will keep my word.—If I had any knowledge of the crime, believe, dearest patroness, it was because I knew no better method of quieting the discontents of my kingdom. O, do not reckon that old debt to my account to-day; but be, as thou hast ever been, kind, benignant, and easy to be entreated! Sweetest Lady, work with thy child, that he will pardon all past sins; and one—one little deed which I must do this night—nay, it is no sin, dearest Lady of Clercy—no sin, but an act of justice properly administered; for the villain is the greatest impostor that ever poured falsehood into a Prince's ear, and leans besides to the filthy heresy of the Greeks. He is not worth thy protection; leave him to my care; and hold it as good service, as the man is a necromancer and wizard, that is not worth thy thought and care—a dog, the extinction of whose life ought to be of as little consequence in thine eyes, as the treading out a spark that drops from a lamp or springs from a fire. Think not of this little matter, gentlest, kindest Lady, but only think how thou canst best aid me in my troubles! and I here bind my royal signet to thy effigy, in token that I will keep word concerning the county of Champagne, and that this will be the last time I will trouble thee in affairs of blood, knowing thou art so kind, so gentle, and so tender-hearted."

"After this extraordinary contract with the object of his adoration, Louis recited, apparently with deep devotion, the seven penitential psalms in Latin, and several aves, and prayers especially belonging to the service of the Virgin. He then arose, satisfied that he had secured the intercession of the Saint to whom he had prayed, the rather, as he craftily reflected, that most of the sins for which he had requested her mediation on former occasions had been of a different character, and that, therefore, the Lady of Clercy was less likely to consider him as a hardened and habitual shedder of blood, than the other saints whom he had more frequently made confidants of his crimes in that respect."

A reconciliation between Louis and Charles is ultimately brought about; and many incidental adventures vary these pages. The Bohemian comes as a Herald from the Wild Boar, and is first hunted, then hanged; confiding the secret of his employer's plans to Quentin, which in the end enable him to win the heiress of Cloye. Liege is taken by the French and Burgundians in concert; and William de la Marek slain, in a desperate sally, by Balafré, after being wounded almost to death by our hero. His reward for the head of the boar is the hand of Isabelle, for which all the chivalry contended; and among others, Le Glorieux, the Duke of Burgandy's jester, who figures pleasantly enough in this history—

"No one thinks of me," said Le Glorieux, "who am sure to carry off the prize from all of you."

"Right, my sapient friend," said Louis; "when a woman is in the case, the greatest fool is ever the first in favour."

Of course the author had a right to give the triumph to whom he pleased; but we confess we should have liked it better if Quentin had won it solely, than as a participator of his uncle's victory. The latter owes this laurel to the author's affection for the superstitious

and preternatural; for it seems only to fulfil an old prophecy, that he robs his hero of so much honour. We have little farther remark to offer; we doubt not but that the jests put into the mouths of the executioners, Trois-Echelles and Petit-André, are true to tradition, but we cannot say their effect has been so amusing to us as disagreeable. On the whole, however, for character and the genuine development of human nature; for dramatic involution, for description, and for the finer touches of a shrewd and acute spirit, the tale of Quentin Durward, on a foreign soil, appears to us to equal almost the happiest efforts of the author on his native soil.

MOORE'S RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

We reserved the portion of Mr. Moore's volume thus named, from our last week's Gazette, for a separate notice. It is a mixture of grave and gay, containing pretty passages, and some careless writing. The aim is not high, and therefore we have no right to claim the higher excellences of poetry; and as a pleasant, gossiping collection of loose thoughts, readers may be amused with these Rhymes, which purport to have been composed in an old *calèche*, while the author was travelling on the Continent. The introduction playfully enough paints the different attitudes, &c. in which former authors have written—

What various attitudes, and ways,
And tricks, we authors have in writing!
While some write sitting, some, like Bayes,
Usually stand, while they're inditing.
Poets there are, who wear the floor out,
Measuring a line at every stride;
While some, like Henry Stephens, pour out
Rhymes by the dozen, while they ride.

Herodotus wrote most in bed;
And Richeand, a French physician,
Declares the clock-work of the head
Goes best in that reclined position.
If you consult Montaigne and Pliny on
The subject, 'tis their joint opinion
That Thought its richest harvest yields
Abroad, among the woods and fields;
That bards, who deal in small retail,
At home may, at their counters, stop,
But that the grove, the hill, the vale,
Are Poesy's true wholesale shop.
And truly I suspect they're right—
For, many a time, on summer eves,
Just at that closing hour of light,
When, like an Eastern Prince, who leaves
For distant war his Haram bowers,
The Sun bids farewell to the flowers,
Whose heads are sunk, whose tears are flowing
Mid all the glory of his going—
Ev'n I have felt, beneath those beams,
When wand'ring through the fields alone,
Thoughts, fancies, intellectual gleams,
That, far too bright to be my own,
Seem'd lent me by the Sunny Power,
That was abroad at that still hour.

Some bards there are who cannot scribble
Without a glove, to tear or nibble,
Of a small twig to whisk about—
As if the hidden founts of Fancy,
Like those of water, were found out
By mystic tricks of rhabdomancy.

As for myself—to come, at last,
To the odd way in which I write—
Having employed these few months past
Chiefly in travelling, day and night,

I've got into the easy mode,
You see, of rhyming on the road—
Making a way-bill of my pages,
Counting my stanzas by my stages—
'Twixt lays and *re-lays* no time lost—
In short, in two words, *writing post*.
My verses, I suspect, not ill
Resembling the craz'd vehicle
(An old *calèche*, for which a villain
Charg'd me some twenty Naps at Milan)
In which I wrote them—patch'd-up things,
On weak, but rather easy, springs,
Jingling along, with little in 'em,

And (where the road is not so rough,
Or deep, or lofty, as to spin 'em
Down precipices) safe enough—
Too ready to take fire, I own,
And then, too, nearest a break-down;
But, for my comfort, hung so low,
I haven't, in falling, far to go.—
With all this, light, and swift, and airy,
And carrying (which is best of all)
But little for the *Duganieri*.*

Of the Reviews to overwhelm.

The first view of the Lake of Geneva is fervently painted—

'Twas late—the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to reach that splendid view,
Before the day-beams quite withdrew;
And feeling as all feel, on first
Approaching scenes, where, they are told,
Such glories on their eyes shall burst,
As youthful bards in dreams behold.

'Twas distant 'er, and, as I ran,
Full often was my wistful gaze
Turn'd to the sun, who now began
To call in all his out-past rays,
And form a denser march of light,
Such as besem'd a hero's flight.
Oh, how I wish'd for Joshua's power,
To stay the brightness of that hour!
But no—the sun still less became,
Diminished to a speck; as splendid
And small as were those tongues of flame,
That on the Apostles' heads descended!

'Twas at this instant—while there glow'd
This last, intensest gleam of light—
Suddenly, through the opening road,
The valley burst upon my sight!
That glorious valley, with its Lake,
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.

Mr. Moore is always in danger when he approaches holy ground. He is not designedly blasphemous; but his familiarity on divine subjects verges closely on that sin. The above is not the worst example—an "Extract" on "Mary Magdalen" is more painful to the sense—

Thence on, through all thy course of love
To Him, thy Heavenly Master,—Him,
Whose bitter death-cup from above
Had yet this sweetening round the brim,
That woman's faith and love stood fast
And fearless by him to the last!
Till—blest reward for truth like thine!—
Thou wert, of all, the chosen one,
Before whose eyes that face Divine,
When risen from the dead, first shone,
That thou might'st see how, like a cloud,
Had pass'd away its mortal shroud,
And make that bright revelation known
To hearts, less trusting than thy own—

* Custom-house officers.

All is affecting, cheering, grand;
The kindest record ever given,
Ev'n under God's own kindly hand,
Of what Repentance wins from Heaven!

The author, we believe, means well; but surely the effect of this language, not merely on serious minds, but to all who feel a proper awe and reverence for the name of God, must be offensive and disgusting. We are glad to turn away from it to another "Extract," (the third) which will attract curiosity. It is one of those "trifles" alluded to in the Dedication—

L.—d B.—'s Memoirs, written by himself.—
Reflections when about to read them.

Let me, a moment,—ere with fear and hope
Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope—
As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
Of some enchanter's secret halls is given,
Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,
If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven—
Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow
Over these precious leaves, as I do now.
How all who know—and where is he unknown?
To what far region have his songs not flown,
Like Paphon's birds, speaking their master's name,
In ev'ry language, syllabled by Fame?—
How all, who've felt the various spells combin'd
Within the circle of that splendid mind,
Like pow'r, deriv'd from many a star, and met
Together in some wondrous smulet,
Would burn to know when first the Light awoke
In his young soul,—and if the gleams that broke
From that Aurora of his genius, rais'd
More bliss or pain in those on whom they blast'd—
Would love to trace th' unfolding of that power,
Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour;
And feel, in watching o'er its first advance,
As did th' Egyptian traveller, when he stood
By the young Nile, and fathom'd with his lance
The first small fountains of that mighty flood.

They, too, who 'mid the scornful thoughts that
In his rich fancy, tingling all its streams, dwell
As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell
On earth of old, had touch'd them with its beams,
Can track a spirit, which, though driv'n to hate,
From Nature's hands, came kind, affectionate;
And which, ev'n now, struck as it is with blight,
Comes out, at times, in love's own native light—
How gladly all, who've watch'd these struggling rays
Of a bright, ruin'd spirit through his lays,
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,
What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven
That noble nature into cold eclipse—

Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,
And born, not only to surprise, but cheer
With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,
Is now so quench'd, that of its grandeur lasts
Nought, but the wide, cold shadow which it casts!
Eventful volume! whatsoever the change [strange—
Of scene and clime—th' adventure, bold and
The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—
The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold,
If Truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks
His virtues as his failings,—we shall find
The record there of friendships, held like rocks,
And enmities, like sun touch'd snow, resplend—
Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill, [still—
In those who serv'd him, young, and serve him
Of generous aid, given with that noiseless art
Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart—
Of acts—but, no—not from himself must aught
Of the bright features of his life be sought.
While they, who court the world, like Milton's
cloud,

"Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd,

This gifted Being wraps himself in night,
And, keeping all that softens, and adorns,
And glids his social nature hid from sight,
Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.

After all it does not appear that the author's gratitude for this mystical manuscript has seduced him into flattery and compliment. In truth the subject was a difficult one, and Mr. Moore has got rather lamely over the debt of panegyric due to his noble friend and "dear Lord." His dread of meeting "shapes from hell" in his Lordship's auto-biography is a queer slip of the pen, from which he gladly escapes into dazzling metaphors and meaningless similes, till he comes to that other odd thrust about the "pain" likely to be "raised" (in blisters, we presume,) by the "gleams" of his Lordship's *aurora of genius*! Then we have more sounding words about the Nile; but when again personal, Mr. Moore is again bewildered, and knows not what he says. By what has his "dear Lord's" naturally kind and affectionate spirit been "driven to hate?" By affluence, rank, homage, every blessing that man could enjoy, every good that could render human life happy? Every gift which a too bountiful fate could pour upon a mortal creature,—but sense to know how greatly he has been favoured by Providence, and heart to be grateful for this rare abundance and superfluity of felicity? It sickens us to hear of the "blight" which a thankless soul would represent as having struck a person in the estate of Lord Byron: it is only rightly expressed when his eulogist calls him a "ruin'd spirit." And yet what a fearful picture it is of a desolate and abandoned being; whose "wide cold shadow" like a doom, thus thickly darkens with the dun smoke of hell the very closest of his ties, and wraps even those called his friends (can he have friends?) in this wretchedness of gloom.

As for the Life itself, we believe that it contains none of those striking features so poetically imagined by Mr. Moore.*

* When delivering his opinion on Rousseau, the Author speaks more like a man of sound judgment—would it not apply better to a living genius than his white-washing?

All this my heart could dwell on here,
But for those hateful memories near,
Those sordid truths, that cross the track
Of each sweet thought, and drive them back
Full into all the mire, and strife,
And vanities of that man's life,
Who, more than all that e'er have glow'd

With fancy's flame (and it was his,
If ever giv'n to mortal) show'd

What an impostor Genius is—
How, with that strong, mimetic art,
Which is its life and soul, it takes
All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
Nor feels, itself, one throb it wakes—

How like a gem its light may smile
O'er the dark path, by mortals trod,
Itself as mean a worm, the while,
As crawls along the sullying sod—

What sensibility may fall
From its false lip, what plans to bless,
While home, friends, kindred, country, all,
Lie waste beneath its selfishness—
How, with the pencil hardly dry
From colouring up such scenes of love
And beauty, as make young hearts sigh, [rove,
And dream, and think through heaven they
They, who can thus describe and move,
The very workmen of these charms,

The next extract seems to have imbibed a spice of the morbid feeling which belongs to the subject of its precursor.

And is there then no earthly place,
Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,
Without some curst, round English face,
Popping up near, to break the vision?

'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,
Unholy cites we're doom'd to meet;
Nor highest Alps nor Appenines
Are sacred from Threadneedle-street!

Other travellers might with equal reason quarrel with Mr. Moore's round merry phiz facing Mont Blanc, and object to his pleasant countenance among the rugged Appenines. There is no accounting for tastes, and we are sorry our author should have come from Venice infected with his noble friend's hatred of England and honest English faces. We conclude with some very pleasing lines, inscribed

My Birth-day.

"My birth-day"—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as Youth counts the shining links,
That Time around him binds so fast,

Pleas'd with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said—"were he ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,

He would do all that he had done."—
Ah, 'tis not thus the voice, that dwells
In sober birth-days, speaks to me;
Far otherwise—of time it tells,

Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly—
Of counsel mock'd—of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines—

Of nursing many a wrong desire—
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire,
That cross'd my path-way, for his star!

All this it tells, and, could I trace
Th' imperfect picture o'er again,
With pow'r to add, retouch, efface
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay!

How quickly all should melt away—
All—but that Freedom of the Mind,
Which hath been more than wealth to me;
These friendships, in my boy-hood twin'd,
And kept till now unchangingly;

Nor seek, nor ask a heaven, above
Some Maman's or Theresa's arms!
How all, in short, that makes the boast
Of their false tongues, they want the most;

And, while with Freedom on their lips
Sounding her timbrels, to set free
This bright world, labouring in th' eclipse
Of priestcraft and of slavery,
They may, themselves, be slaves as low
As ever Lord or Patron made,
To blossom in his smile, or grow,
Like stunted brushwood, in his shade!

Out on the craft—I'd rather be
One of those hinds, that round me tread,
With just enough of sense to see
The noon-day sun that's o'er my head,
Than thus, with high-built genius curst,
That hath no heart for its foundation,
Be all, at once, that's brightest—worst—
Sublimest—meanest in creation!

And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where Love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark,
And comfortless, and stormy round!

BROOKE'S TRAVELS TO THE NORTH CAPE.

In our preceding remarks on this Volume we mentioned the author's belief in the existence of the great Sea-serpent; and we must acknowledge, if there be truth in Norway, that the testimonies he adduces in support of the fact, are sufficient to overcome more than ordinary scepticism. He says—

"As I had determined, on arriving at the coast, to make every inquiry respecting the truth of the accounts, which had reached England the preceding year, of the sea-serpent having recently been seen off this part of Norway, I shall simply give the different reports I received of it during my voyage to the North Cape, leaving others to their own conclusions, and without expressing, at least for the present, any opinion respecting them.

"The fishermen at Sejerstad said, a sea-serpent was seen two years ago in the Fjorden fjord, the length of which, as far as it was visible, was sixty feet. This had been told them by those who had seen it in the Fjorden. On putting the question, I was rather surprised to find the name of the Kraken well known to them, and that they did not in the least doubt its existence. These accounts, short and imperfect as they were, agreed, as far as they went, with those of Bishop Pontoppidan, of whom they had never heard. It was seen, they said, only in calm weather, always at a great distance from the coast; and when it appeared above water, it had very long arms, like the masts of a ship. This was the first and the last that I heard concerning the kraken; nor did I, during a subsequent journey of some hundred miles, meet with any account of it, though in one instance, in Nordland, its name was not quite unknown."

From Mr. Schilderup, the post-master at Otersun, "I learned some curious particulars respecting the sea-serpent, which had caused so much alarm and wonder in Norway, and the report of which, as I have said, had even reached England. From having formerly been in the Norwegian sea service, he was called Captain Schilderup; and seemed a quick, intelligent man. It appeared, that the serpent had actually been off the island for a considerable length of time during the preceding summer, in the narrow part of the Sound, between this island and the continent; and the description he gave of it was as follows:

"It made its appearance for the first time in the month of July, 1819, off Otersun, in the Sound above mentioned. Previous to this he had often heard of the existence of these creatures, but never before believed it. During the whole of that month the weather was excessively sultry and calm; and the serpent was seen every day, nearly in the same part of the Sound. It continued there while the warm weather lasted, lying motionless, and as if dozing in the sun-beams. This part of his account reminded me of the monster of the deep, so finely described by Milton:

Or that sea-beast

Leviathan, which God of all his works

Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:

Him, haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam,

The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff

Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,

With fired anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.

Parad. Lost, l. 138.

"The number of persons living on the island, he said, was about thirty; the whole of whom, from motives of curiosity, went to look at it while it remained. This was confirmed to me by subsequent inquiries among the inhabitants, who gave a similar account of it. The first time that he saw it, he was in a boat, at the distance of about 200 yards. The length of it he supposes to have been about 300 ells, or 600 feet. Of this he could not speak accurately; but it was of very considerable length; and longer than it appeared, as it lay in large coils above the water to the height of many feet. Its colour was grayish. At the distance at which he was, he could not ascertain whether it were covered with scales; but when it moved, it made a loud crackling noise, which he distinctly heard. Its head was shaped like that of a serpent; but he could not tell whether it had teeth or not. He said it emitted a very strong odour; and that the boatmen were afraid to approach near it, and looked on its coming as a bad sign, as the fish left the coast in consequence. Such were the particulars he related to me." - - -

-Further on, Captain B. met the Bishop of the Nordlands, to whom he had letters of introduction; and this worthy prelate corroborates the accounts previously received. We extract the passage relative to him:

- - - "He was then returning from a distant part of his diocese, which is probably the largest, and certainly the most northern in the world, extending, as he informed me, from Nummedals island, between the latitude of 64° and 65°, to the northern cape, in that of 71° 10' 15". He has every year nearly 750 miles to travel in his visitations; which must require no inconsiderable exertions, and can only be performed in boats. He had never yet been up so far as the island of Mageroe, at the North Cape, but purposed visiting it shortly. Kjelvig, the last and most northerly church existing, is situate within a few miles of the Cape, and is in latitude 71° 00' 54". Pinnark, which is only part of his diocese, comprises the whole of Norwegian Lapland. It is a very extensive tract of country, though almost uninhabited, the interior parts being quite desert, consisting of endless mountains and wilds, crossed occasionally by the wandering Laplanders with their herds of deer, who are the only inhabitants of those parts.

"To the testimony of others respecting the existence of the sea-serpent, I shall now add that of the bishop himself, who was an eye-witness to the appearance of two in the bay of Shuresund, or Sorsund, in the Drontheim *fjord*, about eight Norway miles from Drontheim. He was but a short distance from them, and saw them plainly. They were swimming in large folds, part of which was seen above the water, and the length of what appeared of the largest he judged to be about 100 feet. They were of a darkish gray colour; the heads hardly discernible, from their being almost under water; and they were visible for only a short time. Before that period, he had treated the account of them as fabulous; but it was now impossible, he said, to doubt their existence, as such numbers of respectable people, since that time, had likewise seen them on different occasions. He had never met with any person who had seen

the kraken, and was inclined to think it a fable."

There are other statements to the same effect; but those who do not think these conclusive, would hardly attach more credit to the unanimous oath of the Norwegian people; and we leave the question to its fate, without expressing an opinion.

But if the rarity of the serpent at sea leads to doubts, there can be none respecting the multitude of a land animal, almost equally marvellous in its appearances. Of the Lemming Captain Brooke gives us many very curious particulars; some of them would induce the belief that it was lemmings, not rats, which destroyed the wicked, hard-hearted bishop in his Island Castle of the Rhine, in times of old.

"That very singular creature, the lemming, about which so much has been said, and so many endless conjectures formed, though in other countries it is, I believe, unknown, makes its appearance sometimes in the surrounding districts, and even at Drontheim itself. It is a small animal, about the size of a rat; and is supposed to inhabit the long chain of mountains called the Lapland Alps, running between Sweden and Norway. Its appearance is sudden and uncertain, sometimes not being seen for twenty years, and at other times observed in some parts generally every three or four. When, however, it commences its migrations, it is in such inconceivable numbers, that the country is literally covered with them; marching in these bodies always, as it is said, in a straight direction, and never suffering itself to be diverted from its course by any opposing obstacles.

"The superstition of the country people leads them to suppose, that the appearance of these swarms forbodes evil, and is the forerunner of war and disaster. The latter may readily be, should they make their appearance in the more cultivated parts, since total destruction to the crops and vegetation in general must follow. - - -

"In 1808, the lemmings were met in great numbers, first at Dovre, the commencement of the Dovrefield, in the beginning of the summer. They were moving in the direction of Drontheim, which they afterwards reached; and there remained a considerable length of time, infesting every part of the city. The boys used to catch them, by smearing a board with tar; and great numbers were killed by the dogs, without, however, their eating them. The remainder of the body disappeared as suddenly as they came; and it was not known whether they went, or whence they came; but it was supposed, that they proceeded from the mountains on the frontiers. On being stopped, and their progress arrested by a stick, they assumed a threatening attitude, uttering a squeaking kind of bark.

"Mr. Johansen mentioned also a curious and laughable circumstance respecting these little animals. In 1788, when there were reviews of large bodies of cavalry during the summer, near Drontheim, the lemmings appeared in the surrounding country in immense bodies; and it excited no small amusement, when the regiments were performing their manœuvres and charging, to see these diminutive creatures put themselves into a posture of defence, as if ready to receive the attack of the enemy.

"Their method of crossing rivers, and branches of the *fjords*, was thus related by

Mr. Knudtson, sen. who was an eye-witness of it.

"On arriving at the edge of the water, the foremost advance, and, swimming across, form a kind of floating, or, to use a military phrase, complete ponton bridge; the head of each supported by the hinder part of that before it. When a communication is thus formed between the shores, the remainder of the army pass rapidly over the backs of the supporters, and gain the opposite shore.— Strange as this may seem, the contrivances which naturalists agree are resorted to both by the marmot and gray squirrel, for the purpose of crossing rivers, appear as extraordinary, though well authenticated: and what has thus been mentioned concerning the lemming will, I doubt not, be received with attention by those, who have made natural history more particularly their study, and can the better judge of the extraordinary instinct and sagacity of the animal creation.

- - - "About five years ago the lemmings made their appearance at Sandtorv in extraordinary numbers. They came in the night during the full of the Moon, and staid on Hindöen near three months, when they swam across the sound to the mainland, directing their course nearly north. Mr. Christiansens, who saw them when taking their departure, supposed there could not have been less than 20,000 crossing at a time. The passage of the army was performed at different times, from their being obliged to wait frequently for a favourable wind; and by the time they left Hindöen, their numbers were thinned to one-half. Many thousands were afterwards found on the coast, which had been carried away by the currents and drowned. No small number perished also on this dangerous navigation, by their aerial enemies, the gulls; the whole host of which followed the body with loud cries, and increased the perils to which these poor animals are exposed in whatever direction they proceed. To give some idea of the immense numbers in which they approached Sandtorv, Mr. Christiansens, seeing the advance of the lemming army, one that never retreats, stood before his door to attempt to stop it, and with one blow of a stick killed no less than sixty: but the vacancy existed only for a moment, being quickly filled by the body in the rear." - - -

At the little island of Carlsoe, when far advanced towards the Cape, our author had the good fortune to receive ocular demonstration of the habits of this animal:

"We landed (he tells us) at the parsonage-house, where I intended to remain. *Praetorius* Steen, the clergyman, came out to receive me, and seemed in no small degree surprised, as well as rejoiced, at my arrival. I had been there but a few minutes, when I heard that the lemmings were actually on the island; and by walking a few steps from the house I easily convinced myself of this. Every blade of grass was literally alive with them. When I walked to the sea-shore, they were there also, and were running about the small garden patch in front of the parsonage. The out-houses were filled with them, and in a few minutes I had more specimens than I could take away with me. Mr. Steen, who could not account for their appearance in these extraordinary numbers, said it was some years since they had been seen at Carlsoe.

"The universal opinion of the lower orders respecting them is, that they fall from the clouds; and there are not wanting some in better circumstances, who are of the same

opinion. Many old men have affirmed in the most solemn manner, that they have seen them drop; while better informed persons, who are ashamed to confess their belief that they are rained from heaven, attempt to explain one mystery by another as great; namely, by giving to the mists an extraordinary power of sweeping up these animals, and letting them fall in other parts. It is curious enough, that all over the north the clouds are universally believed to have this power, not only with respect to so small an animal as the lemming, but also with others of a much larger kind, as sheep, goats, and even oxen."

There can be no doubt but that the reindeer eat this animal. There is a good print of it in the volume before us.

"In length it is five inches and a half; its ears round and small, with long black whiskers; the belly is of a whitish yellow; the back and sides are tawny, variegated with black; the tail is half an inch in length; the feet are five toed; the upper lip is divided; and in each jaw are two teeth."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The subject of Dr. ROGER's twelfth Lecture, with which he concluded the Course, was the comparative physiology of Man, and his zoological relations with the inferior Animals. Independently of his high prerogatives of intellect, in which Man soars so far above the level of all other animals, his physical structure exhibits him as decidedly standing at the summit of the scale of terrestrial beings. The characters of his conformation place him in the class Mammalia, and even establish a strong affinity between him and the Quadrumania. Yet far from having any just pretensions to superiority on the ground of mere physical endowments, Man appears to great disadvantage when brought into immediate comparison with particular species. The perfection of his physical condition results rather from the just proportion and harmony subsisting among the whole system of animal functions, than upon the excellence of any one of them viewed independently of the rest. One of the principal advantages of the mechanism of his frame results from the arms being exempt from any share in the office of supporting the trunk of the body, a task which is consigned entirely to the lower extremities. Dr. ROGER showed that every part of the osseous fabric, as well as of the organs of sense, are constructed in conformity with this intention. The arm, being at liberty to be employed for other purposes, becomes an organ of prehension and of touch, for both of which offices it is admirably adapted by the great latitude and diversity of movements its structure admits of. In the wrist, which is the great centre of all the motions of the hand, three kinds of motion are provided for,—simple flexion and extension, lateral flexion, and also the twisting or rotatory motion of the hand. This last action is accomplished by its connexion with a distinct bone of the fore arm, namely, the radius, which turns along with the hand round the other bone, called the ulna—a conformation which gives the greatest possible security against dislocation. But the chief perfection of the human hand arises from the freedom of motion and muscular power of the thumb, which is thus capable of opposing its action to that of the fingers. This structure gives to the hand the

power of grasping a spherical body, and of retaining firm hold of many objects, which otherwise could not have been held without the concurrence of both hands. The passage of the tendons going to the last joints of the fingers, through perforations in the tendons inserted into the next joint, is an expedient manifestly calculated to facilitate these actions. The mechanism displayed in the construction of the human hand, is indeed most admirably adapted to a variety of useful purposes, whether viewed as an instrument of prehension, or as an organ of touch; and is alike calculated for the execution of the simplest, as well as the most refined works of art.

The extreme perfection of the organs which modulate the voice, and produce so great a variety of articulate sounds, is also another instance of the higher destination to which the structure of Man has been adapted, when compared with that of the lower animals.

The conformation of the digestive organs in the human species is similar to that of many quadrupeds, and has generally been considered as intermediate between that of the carnivorous tribes, and of those which live exclusively upon vegetable food. Man is justly entitled to the appellation of an omnivorous animal, being capable of subsisting on very different kinds of aliment. He is also the only animal that practises the art of cookery—an art which indeed appears necessary, in order to enable his stomach to extract from his usual food all the nutriment it is capable of yielding. The progress of civilization has, in other respects also, effected a considerable change in the condition of the species, and entailed upon it a long and fearful catalogue of diseases, to which Man in a savage state is but little liable, and from which the lower animals, in a state of nature, are entirely exempt. The powers inherent in the constitution, of repairing injuries, and of even reproducing parts that have been destroyed, are circumscribed within much narrower limits in proportion as the organization is more refined, and has attained its highest state of perfection. Some traces of reproductive powers may, however, still be perceived in the human body, in the regeneration of the harder parts, such as the bones, cartilages, and ligaments, and the cuticle and its appendages.

Dr. ROGER proceeded to examine the relations between Man and the lower animals in the organization and functions of the nervous system. He pointed out the differences which occur in the external organs of sense, with regard to their relative size, and the development of their several parts. He gave an account of the origin, course, and distribution of the nerves appropriated to the different impressions of sense, and which exist in pairs, being similar on both sides of the body. The nerves subservient to the sense of smell, sight, hearing, and taste, communicate directly with the brain at the parts situated at the basis of that organ; while the nerves of touch, in conjunction with those of voluntary motion, for the most part communicate with the spinal marrow, which is the prolongation of the medulla oblongata. The respective offices of the two sets of filaments composing each of the spinal nerves, had not hitherto been sufficiently distinguished. To Mr. Charles Bell belongs the merit of having made the discovery, that those arising from the fore part of the spinal marrow were nerves of voluntary motion, while those communicating with the back part were nerves of sensation. This

discovery has since been confirmed by the researches of Mr. Majendie, of Paris. We have already noticed some of the results of Mr. Bell's inquiries in a late Number of the *Literary Gazette*.*

The great size of the human brain, compared with that of other animals, arises from the extraordinary development of that portion which constitutes the cerebral hemispheres; for the other parts of the brain, more immediately connected with the nerves, remain nearly of the same comparative magnitude as in the other mammalia. Dr. ROGER explained the course of the fibres composing the medullary part of the brain from their origin in the spinal marrow, their decussation near the medulla oblongata, their expansion from the crura of the brain and cerebellum, till they form the convolutions of the hemispheres, and are united by the transverse or converging fibres of the corpus callosum and commissures, leaving the vacant spaces which have been called the ventricles of the brain, and in which water is often collected, occasioning the disease called Dropsy of the brain.

Dr. ROGER next adverted to the functions of the brain in reference to the exercise of the intellectual powers, and inquired into the principal distinguishing features of the human faculties, as compared with those of brutes. The power of retaining the impressions received is incomparably greater in Man than in the lower animals. Another leading character of distinction is to be found in the superior strength, the greater extent, and more varied range of the principle of association. The capacity of improvement, which in brutes is confined within narrow limits, even in the most favourable instances, appears to have scarcely any assignable bounds in the human race. The instinct of sympathy, of which the influence is scarcely discernible as a general principle of action in brute animals, is, on the contrary, a predominant impulse in Man, and lays the foundation of all that is noble and exalted in human nature.

* No. 325, p. 232.

LITERATURE, ETC.

OXFORD, May 10.—Yesterday the following Degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—C. Douglas Beckford, Fellow of All Souls' Coll.; Rev. Theodore Bouwens, Merton Coll.; R. Alder Thorpe, Scholar of C. C. Coll.; T. Shiffner, Christ Church.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Arundel Radford, St. Alban Hall; Rev. T. Kitson Fellow of Exeter Coll.; R. Morris, Wadham Coll.; G. Price, Magdalen Hall; E. Miller Mundy, Christ Church; Warden Scrimson, Brasenose Coll.; J. Hordern, St. Mary Hall; R. J. Bell, R. Martin, Hon E. Fellow, and A. Roberts, Oriol Coll.; J. Davenport, and G. Boodle Clare, Worcester Coll.; D. Jones, Jesus Coll.; C. G. Owen, W. Cradock Hall, and R. Wilson Hempley, Queen's Coll.; C. B. B. Tathwell, and J. Shirley, Trinity Coll.

CAMBRIDGE, April 25.—C. Morris, Trinity College, and C. B. Brice, of St. Peter's, were yesterday admitted Bachelors of Arts.

April 30.—*Doctors in Divinity*.—The Very Rev. W. Cockburn, of St. John's College, Dean of York; Rev. W. L. Fancourt, of Clare Hall, master of St. Saviour's grammar-school, Southwark.

Honorary Master of Arts.—Lord Viscount Dunlop, of St. John's College, eldest son of the Earl of Clancarty.

Master of Arts.—The Rev. Simeon Clayton, of St. John's College.

Bachelor of Arts.—R. Witherby, of St. John's.

THE LITERARY FUND

ANNIVERSARY took place on Wednesday, and the meeting was numerous, and the subscription considerable. The Chair, in which the Duke of Somerset presided, was vacated at an early hour; but Sir John Malcolm, one of the Stewards, was good enough to accede to the call made upon him, and proposed the remaining toasts in an appropriate and able manner; though, from the previous movement, some of them were delayed so long, that the representatives of those in compliment to whom they were drunk had departed. Notwithstanding this, however, the spirit of conviviality and benevolence was maintained till a good hour, and the fruits of the night were omens of better regulation and augmented success in future.

The Duke of Sussex was among the visitors, and spoke at some length on his health being given. Mr. W. Smith, Sir H. Davy, Lord Strathmore, and others, also addressed the company on various occasions; and Sir John Swinburne read a letter, from M. Marcellus, communicating a donation of 40*l.* from M. de Chateaubriand, and *&c.* from himself.* The following beautiful lines were distributed:—

Stanzas for the Anniversary of the Literary Fund Society, May 14, 1823.

Tho' Genius in his day of pride
Move gaily with the favouring tide,
Yet wreck and death are near;
Or if his bark outlive the gale,
With anchor lost and shiver'd sail,
He finds a haven—here.
Here, may the eye of Anguish turn,
Where Mercy's beacons brightly burn,
Thro' Sorrow's stormy night;
While Billows that engulf the soul
Flash the pure radiance as they roll,
And sparkle in the light.
Here, gush the living springs that flow
In streams of peace to hearts of woe,
With silent, healing power;
Heaven's blessing aids your generous zeal,
Nor fails the cruise, nor wastes the meal,
In Famine's evil hour.
Blest is this Temple, pure these rites—
And HE whom Mercy more delights
Than sacrifice, will see
Well pleased, the Noble and the Good
Leagued in this holy brotherhood,
The Priests of Charity! JOSEPH SNOW.

* The donations at the Anniversary amounted to 33*l.* exclusive of His Majesty's munificent gift of 200 guineas, and the Subscriptions.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

A GALLERY of unequalled variety, and of almost unequalled attraction, will be opened on Monday. In the further room are no fewer than 64 Sir Joshua's, including the most interesting and perfect of his works: The general effect is quite enchanting. Portraits in the finest style, including that of Sterne, the Venus, Ugolino, Infant Academy, and a multitude of fancy pieces of children, such as the Mercury, Puck, &c. &c. and even beautiful landscapes, enrich this collection, and form a whole, of which it is impossible to speak too warmly. The middle room is filled with the Dutch and Flemish masters. Rubens in full splendour, Teniers, Metz, Jan Steen, Cuyper, Ruydael; and, in short, admirable specimens of the greatest men. From this the transition is momentary to the

South room, devoted to the Schools of Italy and Spain. Guido's Liberty and Modesty is the upper end, and the sides are clothed with Morillo's most exquisite productions, Velasquez, Da Vinci, and others of the highest rank. We do not remember ever to have seen brought together so diversified and so noble a gallery: all that art could wish to study, or the love of art to admire, are here to be contemplated; and, we will venture to predict, as popular an exhibition as ever was offered for the public gratification.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

By way of variety we shall commence our notice with a peep into the Model Academy: had we more of method and less of the picturesque in our disposition, it would have been in better order to have began here. Sculpture not only claiming the priority of Painting, but it may be said having been its foundation. We must take occasion, however, to observe that the sister Arts are often trenching on each other's ground; of which there is more than one instance in the Sculpture-room. Spring, No. 1132, R. G. Freeburn, might have passed as a legitimate subject for sculpture, but for the unfortunate quotation, the whole of which applies to colour, and to colour only.

1100. Statue, in marble, of a Cricketer. H. Rossi.—As far as relates to form and attitude a Cricketer presents a manly object; but it belongs rather to the study of the artist than to the character which sculpture generally assumes. Yet we are not inclined to quarrel with whatever exhibits the human form in the energy of its action, or displays the talents of the artist, though there are boundaries which it is not for the advantage of Sculpture to pass in the choice of such subjects; and therefore we are almost ready to question the choice of that excellent sculptor, the late Canova, in the Danzatrice, No. 1101; tho' it is a very beautiful figure, and upon the tiptoe of motion, and as such admissible;—but we should think it odd if a painter or a sculptor attempted to express the flutter of his Cupid's wing. It is perhaps refining too much, but we think the attitude of the Danzatrice would suit equally well as that of a country milk-maid.

1082. Horace's Dream: an alto-relievo in marble. R. Westmacott, R.A.—A fine and classical subject, equally adapted for painting and sculpture (though perhaps, as we hinted, going a little too much into miniature for the latter) and executed in a style that does great credit to the talents of the artist; the contrasts of his figures are produced in most graceful attitudes, and the whole put together with the skill of a master.

1102. Affection. E. H. Bailey, R.A.—When an artist, whether in painting or sculpture, has produced a master-piece of excellence,—whatever his labours, whatever his difficulties in the performance of his task may have been, they must be multiplied in his next, and increased in his future exertions. If he would keep up the credit he has obtained by his work; and then the bias or prejudice will be in favour of the first, and will in consequence take so much from the second, even though it should excel its precursor. We do not say this with reference to Mr. Bailey's present performance in particular: the observation applies to a variety of instances, and will continue to do so. There are to this moment those who prefer the Village Politicians of Wilkie, the Life-boat of Cristall, the Children of Chantry; to all they have done,

or ever will do. It is so with Literature as well as the Arts, and First come, most prized; will ever apply to both. Our opinion of Mr. Bailey's talents are deservedly high, and in pointing out his works to the attention of the public, we do but an act of common justice. The group before us is full of that talent which gave to marble the form of his Eve, a work of art which in many particulars will never be surpassed—a work which owes nothing to exotic studies, but, like the productions of Chantry, every thing to native genius. In his busts he has been greatly successful; nor can his various exhibition of powers fail to rank him among the first in employment as in merit.

PAINTING.—77. The Bay of Baie, with Apollo and the Sybil. J. M. Turner, R.A.—Though we have no eye for criticism on this splendid piece, it is only when considered as a vision, or a sketch, or as a variety in a large collection,—in one word, it is not painting. The seductive influence of colours, and the necessity of painting up to the standard of an exhibition, where the spread of gold is more than that of canvas, will prevent, if it does not annihilate, the study of nature. We are not contending for an exclusive sobriety; it is neither consistent with the character of art, nor with many subjects of imagination; but the excess of which we complain vitiates the public, and assists to destroy the public taste. Again we repeat, this gorgeous view, its joyous light, its harmonious colours, together with the classic associations that accompany the subject, defeat, in some measure, the cold calculations of criticism; and would Mr. Turner condescend again to bring into view a similar style to what we remember in the Dutch Boats, &c. &c. we should receive these excessive flights only as displaying a variety of talent; but—"Perdrix! toujours Perdrix!"

13. A Scene from the Spoff'd Child. G. Clint, A.—There is no picture in the Royal Academy that speaks more distinctly for itself, and we have only to echo the public voice in congratulating the artist on his entire success; the suitability of the style to the subject—the colouring subdued, without being tame—the composition unaffectedly picturesque—supported by a background that would give distinction to any of our best landscape painters; and the whole so entirely English (if we may be allowed the expression,) that while it reminds us of Hogarth, Zoffany, and others of our early school, it may serve as a chastening model for contemporary Art.

343. Portrait of J. Gage, Esq. Mrs. W. Carpenter.—There are few Portraits in the present Exhibition that deserve to rank higher than this and No. 284 in the same room. Of their resemblance (except the latter, which is excellent) we are not prepared to speak; but their colouring and style of execution we consider as rare examples of excellence.

384. The Lily and the Rose. R. Westall, R.A.—A gem.

438. Walmer Castle, a seat of the Earl of Liverpool. W. Collins, R.A.—If light, fresh air, and sunshine, can be expressed in painting, it has been effected by this artist; and it is one of the peculiar excellencies of Mr. Collins to throw over the simplest and least adorned scenes the magic of his light, and a sky that never fails, by its truth and nature, to compensate for any lack of picturesque form.

305. Discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, &c. H. P. Briggs.—There is a quality of art in

this Artist's style of painting, that not only suits well with the subject he has chosen, but would be perfectly in accordance with historical painting in general. This is by no means sufficiently observed by our artists: we have no wish to see the severity of Caravaggio, or the obscure of Rembrandt, thrown over domestic subjects, and least of all in such as those which come within the scope of Mr. Wilkie's pencil; for, however redeeming the characters, and marked as they are in his Parish Beadle with a truth and energy that none can mistake and all must admire, we must again repeat that black shadows in open day-light can never happen; and when adopted for the purpose of a forced effect, they will, in most instances, deteriorate the colouring, and defeat the great purpose of imitative art.

131. Portrait of H.R.H. the Duke of York. *D. Wilkie, R.A.*—As an interior, the experiment of dark shadows and sudden lights is more in place; and we consider this as a successful and splendid example of brilliant effect, in which the accessories and detail contribute to give an historical character to an individual resemblance.

167. The Child exposed by Antigonus, &c. *H. Thomson, R.A.*—In point of composition, the subject is managed with the usual skill of this artist; which, with much of what is beautiful in art, appears to us to want something of that sobriety of which we have been speaking, both as it regards the story and the effect of the picture; the accessories are crowded, and interfere too much.

SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY

Closed with much eclat on Monday the 7th, after having been a source of great gratification to many hundred visitors to whom this Temple of British Art was so liberally thrown open. It is with much pleasure we learn that it is the intention of Sir J. Leicester to re-open his richly adorned mansion next year with the addition of several new pictures (for which he has given commission to distinguished artists,) and of all the pictures from the Tabley Gallery. Thus the lovers of native Art may anticipate a fine treat, which, we trust, the respected owner of these works will also personally witness; though we owe it to Mr. Young to say, that in the absence of his principal during the present season, he acquitted himself of the trust of exhibiting the Gallery reposed in him, with commendable attention and politeness. Being on the subject of Sir J. Leicester's patronage of the Arts, it may not be out of place to notice his munificent gift to the Royal Irish Institution, which we observe mentioned in the Newspapers: To this new Institution he has presented Northcote's Alpine Traveller, so generally known by the mezzotint which has been scraped from it and published. A grateful acknowledgment of this favour appears with the signatures of the Secretaries; and we rejoice to register it among our record of benefits conferred on Artists, and encouragement given to the cultivation of national talent.

WATER COLOURS EXHIBITION.

It is hardly necessary to speak more in detail of this attractive Exhibition, for were we to proceed to discuss the separate talent it contains, our pages would have room for little else. We cannot take our parting glance, however, without mentioning the beautiful little specimens, in Mr. Stephanoff's

Drawings, of taste, character, and colour. We regret that his Drinkallia, No. 239, is confined to so small a compass; its humour is exquisite, and the upright formality of the pale-faced culprit most happily hit off. It is not very difficult to paint real drunkenness; but in a sham sober, there must be good acting as well as good painting.

169. The Masquerade, &c., is also, though a repetition of similar subjects, a no less happy effort of Mr. Stephanoff's powers. There are some instances in which we think this artist attempts to express too much by mere local colour: it is often a flat tint, without the relief of light and shade.

49. The Vale of Gloucester, from Robin Hood's Hill. *W. Turner.*—This, with the other drawings of the artist, is highly laboured, but is not lost. The finish does not interfere with the effect, and the cattle are beautifully touched.

193. Plymouth Packet and Frigate going into Portsmouth Harbour, is a very fair specimen of Mr. Wichelo's talents in marine subjects.

In taking a review of works of art, whether of painting or sculpture, water-colours or oils, Academies' or other Exhibitions, where variety of style or manner meets us at every view, we are conscious that only a very confined or partial view can be taken, and with a desire to accomplish much, in a limited space, such as our paper can afford, we must leave many unnoticed which are equally worthy of attention with those it has been in our power to mention; otherwise it would not have happened that the excellent drawings of J. Smith, W. Walker, Stevens, Bennett, and others, should not have been pointed out and commented upon.

But this remark, shall we say excuse, applies more especially to the works of our fair contributors, whose exertions have added so much to the beauty and variety of the present Exhibition of Painting in Water Colours. We know few, very few, instances in which they have been excelled in the choice of their subjects (fruit and flowers:) there is, farther, a solitary instance in the drawings of the late T. Baxter, whose skill may be said to have reached a climax in execution we have never yet witnessed in any other. In point of arrangement and composition, he was not always successful; but in expertness of pencil and fidelity of representation the utmost was done.

We take our leave of this charming display of national talent with impressions highly gratifying to our feelings, and with our best wishes for the success of the Society of Painters in Water Colours; and as far as our good will, or the influence of the *Literary Gazette* can extend, we are made equally happy in assisting the prosperous exertions of talent throughout the country.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON THE PICTURE OF A YOUNG GIRL.

A beautiful and laughing thing,
Just in her first apprelling
Of girlish loveliness: blue eyes,
Such blue as in the violet dwells,
And rose-bud lips of sweets, such sweets
The bee hoards in his fragrant cells.
'Tis not a blush upon her cheek—
Oh blushes but of love can speak;
That brow is all too free from care
For Love to be a dweller there.

Alas, that Love should ever fling
One shadow from his radiant wing!
But that fair cheek knows not a cloud,
And health and hope are in its dyes.
She has been over hill and dale,
Chasing the summer butterflies.
Yet there is malice in her smile,
As if she felt her woman's power,
And had a gift of prophecy,
To look upon that coming hour
When, feared by some, yet loved by all,
Young Beauty holds her festival. L. E. L.

TO PSYCHE.

When the bright dreams of youth are the brightest
in seemings, [sooth,
And the spirits are buoyant, believing them
'Tis misery and mockery to talk against dreaming,
Though when brightest are falsest the bright
dreams of youth.

For who, when the heart is in flower just and
blowing,
Oh! who, through a dismal foreboding of storm,
Would blast every sweet bud, transcendently
glowing

In freshness of bloom and perfection of form?
Thus, thus—though the visions I woo be deceiving—
O loveliest and best! I will not let them go:
'Tis better to smile still, still wildly believing,
Than sigh out one's soul in the madness of woe.
M.

THE INCONSTANT LOVER.

Love says, thy cheek is like the rose,
As brilliant as the sun thine eye;
Love says, thy speech like music flows,
Thy form with Venus's might vie;
In short, in mind and form and face,
Love says thou art almost perfection;
And e'en in thy defects can trace
A something which must win affection.
But Love is gone!—And now I fear
That Love was much deceived in thee,
Or sure thy charms to me appear
Less brilliant than they used to be;
Thy face is fair enough, I own,—
Thy eye, thy form, do very well,—
But then I could, at least, name One
Who doth thy every charm excel.

RETILAW.

BRITISH HEROES.

When CHATHAM in his Country's cause
Upheld her right with fainting breath,
Stood forth the champion of her laws,
Nor ceas'd till grasp'd by icy death;
His spirit, from its bonds set free,
Sought the bright realms of Liberty!

When WOLFE on Québec's bloody field
First heard the shout,—“They run, they run!”
And saw the flying squadrons yield,
“Great God!” he cried, “my duty's done;
My soul with joy I yield to thee,
For thou hast gain'd the victory!”

When NELSON on the gore-stain'd deck
Receiv'd his last, his fatal wound,
His gallant spirit felt no check,
Though bloody slaughter rag'd around.
“Great God!” he cried, “my country's free,
For thou hast gain'd the victory!”

Britons! their brilliant track pursue,
Walk in the paths their feet have trod,
Keep freedom's glorious cause in view,
Your King, your Country, and your God;
Then may you hope, from toil set free,
O'er Death to gain the Victory!

AN OLD SAILOR.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, May 6, 1823.

A PAMPHLET has just appeared, entitled *Recit des Evénemens arrivés au Temple depuis le 13 août 1792, jusqu'à la mort du Dauphin Louis XVII.* This production is attributed to the Duchess D'Angoulême; and in fact it commences with this sentence, "*Le Roi mon père arriva au temple le 13 août 1792, à sept heures du soir.*" It is impossible to read this narrative without being deeply affected with the sufferings of the Princess and her unfortunate family.

There is a perfect literary sterility—nothing new in the dramatic line. The fine weather and the heat have rendered our theatres deserts.

An reste—when the Romans made war on the Parthians, a centurion asked a prisoner, who were the best generals of his nation. "June, July, and August," replied the Parthian!

THE LORD MAYOR'S DOG-HOUSE.

The new romance entitled "Other Times, or the Monks of Leadenhall," which was lately the subject of a favourable notice in the *Literary Gazette*, contains, among other descriptions of Old London, the following curious picture of the then appearance of the city from Moorfields, and the situation of *My Lord Mayor's Dogge house*, the place where hounds were formerly kept and trained for the use of the civic chief, when he deigned to court the amusements of the chase.

"The sun had just risen when he (Edmund) gained the immense fields then lying close to the city. He stood on the margin of the gentle stream which passed across them, and through the great wall, from which circumstance it received the name of *Wall-Brook*. The wall itself, from the vast extent of it which here met the eye, was no contemptible object; while the lofty churches, monasteries, and other public edifices of the city, which it enclosed and seemed to defend, challenged admiration singly, but presented a spectacle of more than common grandeur, given to the view in picturesque unity. In the foreground of the prospect, as Edmund looked towards the metropolis, the tower and spire of the church of *All-hallows in the wall*, and the two turrets of Moorgate, now illumined by the first rays of the sun, beautifully relieved the dark, dense and almost interminable line of the wall from which they seemed to rise. Beneath the arch of the gate all was darkness. While Edmund still gazed, the western side received the slanting ray; and the contrast it supplied to the gloom in which the opposite part of the opening reposed, added to the effect of the scene. Edmund beheld it with satisfaction; but with little pause he turned to look for the place of his immediate destination. He stood in a large marshy plain, from which a footpath led in a north-west direction. This was continued over "*Finsbury Field*," and through other fields (no regular road being then in existence) towards Islington. It was intercepted by two other paths, one of which came from the north-east, apparently from Shoreditch, and the other went almost straight from Bethlem till they joined near Moorgate, at which place they were terminated by the gardens which occupied the sites of Type-street and Grub-street (names well known to British Literature,) and reached to Cripplegate.

"On the northern side of the marsh, immediately without the wall, and near the entrance of the eastern part of Finsbury Field, Edmund saw almost on the very spot now consecrated to classical research, by the erection of the London Institution, the official residence of Mr. Common Hunt—My Lord Mayor's Dogge House."

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—The Opera of *The Travelers*, which had considerable success when first produced, was revived on Tuesday with similar prospects. To the songs of the original piece several additions are made; and these, from the tuneful pipes of Braham and Stephens, extend music's fascinations even to cloying. Indeed the piece is very long. The comic fractions of parts are also placed in good hands; and when we name Dowton, Harley, Fitzwilliam, and Gattie, it may be taken for granted that nothing of the modicum of humour belonging to the drama is left out. Cooper, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Davison, Mr. Powell, &c. &c. have the other most prominent characters; and there is a ballet, and much dancing as well as singing; and much changing of scene as well as travelling; and people of all nations higgledy-piggledy; and the audience have much to clap and plenty for their money, if they are not altogether unconscionable.

On Wednesday, a Farce, under the figuring name of *81. 10s. 1d. If Quite Convenient*, was produced here; but the audience did not find it quite convenient to hear it out. It was decidedly *low*; the worst of characters we can give a piece at a regular Theatre, when the minor places of amusement furnish little else than vulgarity and slang. Liston, a tailor, persecutes Cooper, a spendthrift, for *81. 10s. 1d.*—but the thing is altogether so dull that the spectators found they had more certainly lost the price of their admissions than the tailor the amount of his bill; they, accordingly, gave him plenty of *goose*, and, amid the hissing, the Farce disappeared for ever.

Miss Paton's benefit, at Covent-Garden, on Wednesday, presented a great musical treat, and was fully attended. Miss I. Paton, a younger sister of this accomplished songstress, played Letitia Hardy, in the *Belle's Stratagem*, with considerable spirit, and gave promise of a genteel comic actress to the stage.

Clari continues to be repeated between benefits; and the last scene, transplanted (we think, verbatim) from *Rich and Poor*, is still hailed as an excellent novelty.

VENTRILOQUISM.—Our great favourite, M. Alexandre, we observe, begins a new course of entertainment, at the Olympic Theatre, on Monday. He has so many characters to sustain that we are really tired in reckoning them; but if they are all performed with his usual talent, it will be the realization of that complimentary metaphor, which calls an excellent actor "in himself a host."

DRAMATIC CHARITY.—At the English Opera House on Monday, there is to be a performance for the benefit of the Widow and family of Mr. Carr, the late Prompter of Drury Lane.—What stronger inducement can we hold out to the Benevolent to countenance it, than by telling them that there are fourteen children, and ten of them destitute!!

VARIETIES.

It is announced that the Public will receive, in the course of a few weeks, from the pen of the Rev. Richard Warner, Rector of Great Chalfeld, Wilts, the First Part of Illustrations, historical, biographical, and miscellaneous, of the Novels by the author of Waverley; with Criticisms, general and particular, in three Parts.

The Natural History of Meteorites, or of those remarkable masses of iron and of earthy and metallic compounds, which at different periods have fallen from the atmosphere, is in the press, from the pen of Mr. Brayley, jun.

We are informed (anonymously) that a Capstan, giving to one man the power of nine, with any intermediate power at pleasure in the space of a minute, has been invented by Capt. Nichol of the E. I. Company's Service.

Wapeti.—We have more than once noticed the condition and progress of these majestic Deer, in the naturalization of which we have taken some interest. The young one, a native of this country, has now grown so strong as to bear being harnessed; and the old male continues to shoot forth those fine branchy horns, of the rapid growth of which we spoke in a former *Gazette*. Thus the naturalist and the curious have still objects of interesting remark in these beautiful animals.

The Zodiac of Dendera.—M. Lenoir, the superintendent of the monuments in the Church of St. Denis, at Paris, and to whom France owes their preservation during the Revolution, has published an Essay on the Circular Zodiac of Dendera, in which he shows that he is equally familiar with the monuments of antiquity. He considers that Zodiac as a simple calendar, on which the solar, rural, civil and religious years are marked; and he fixes its origin in the reign of Bocchoris; that is to say, about 77 years before our era. In order to demonstrate the precise epoch of its construction, M. Lenoir avails himself of several of the astronomical signs, and of the sculpture of the monument, which he classes in that of the second Egyptian style; the perfection of which was manifested prior to the reign of Psammetichus, the first of the Pharaohs who permitted foreigners, and principally Greeks, to enter his dominions.—*French Journal*.

Prussian Universities.—During the six months' term of the summer of 1822, the University of Berlin reckoned 1,182 students, of whom 109 were foreigners; 227 attended the courses of Protestant divinity, 411 applied to jurisprudence, 370 to medicine, and 174 to the philosophical and philological sciences. The following was the state, during the same term, of the other Universities of the kingdom. Bonn had 671 students, of whom 80 were foreigners, included in the numbers of the following classes, viz. divinity 151, jurisprudence 206, medicine 15, philosophy and philology 84.—Breslau had 529 students, of whom 60 were foreigners; 231 in divinity, 159 in jurisprudence, 46 in medicine, and 100 in philosophy and philology. The University of Halle, in 866 pupils, counted 147 foreigners; 540 students of divinity, 198 of jurisprudence, 78 of medicine, and 50 of philosophy and philology. That of Koenigsberg had but 259 students, of whom 29 were foreigners; 84 belonged to divinity, 95 to jurisprudence, 20 to medicine, and 60 to philosophy and philology. The state of the University of Göttingen is unknown; there is even reason to apprehend its suppression. From what we

have stated, it results that in 1822 Prussia reckoned in all 1236 students of divinity (of which number only 193 were Catholics); 1069 of jurisprudence, 644 of medicine, and 468 of philosophy and philology. To these may be added, and in the same proportions, the few students who were assembled at the University of Greisswalde.

Austrian Censorship.—The *Conversations-Blatt*, a monthly publication at Leipzig, gives an account of the operations of the Austrian Censorship during the month of October last. This censorship has different degrees of judgment, of approval, and of condemnation, very much like those of the late inquisition at Madrid. There are there the *transact*, the *admittitur*, the *correctis corrigendis*, and the *omnibus delendis*. The *admittitur* conveys the highest approbation of the censors; the *transact* expresses a slight disapprobation. The works to which this qualified censure was principally applied in October were works of German theology.

A French journal, speaking of a retreat of the Descamisos (the *Shirtless*), gravely states, that they carried along with them "their most precious effects." What are the most precious effects of the shirtless?

Paris Anecdote.—Two college friends, both officers—one on service, the other on half-pay—the one *Ultra*, and the other *Liberal*, discussed lately, over a glass of punch, the merits of the minister *des affaires étrangères*, M. Chateaubriand. "There is nothing superior to *Atala*," said the one. "Nothing worse," said the other. "It is impossible to be more sublime." "It is impossible to be more unintelligible." "Nobody has ever been able to write so." "It is just so that no one ought to write." The drinking going on as fast as the discussion, the punch produced heat, and obstinacy, and exaggeration. *Aux mots tranquilles succedent des mots piquants—aux mots piquants les mots injurieux*. They came to provocations, and at last. The seconds vainly endeavoured to settle the affair—the combat commenced—the champion of *Atala* received a body wound and fell. His antagonist was in despair. "Fools," said one of the Seconds, "to murder one another for nothing!" "You are perfectly right," said the conqueror; "*d'autant plus que je n'ai jamais lu Atala*."—"Encore!" sighed out the vanquished, "*si j'avais lu Atala!*"

In our last we quoted the Epigram from Martial, as drolly given and translated by (we believe) the late Mr. Windham; our more correctly classic readers may like it in its original form:

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

Willoughby on Reformation, by the Author of The Decision, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. 3s.—Orme's Life of Wm. Kiffin, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Seventy Six, a Novel, 3 vols. 12mo. 3s.—Mrs. Walker's Holy Life, 3s. 6d.—The Cambridge Tart, satirical Poems, foolscap 8vo. 8s.—Clark's Modern Geography, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The Correspondent's Assistant, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Phillips's Sylva Moriera, the Shrubbery, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—Horne's Ancient Mysteries Described, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry that M. H.'s beautiful Latin verses, De Gallic Hispanie bellum inferendibus, are not consistent with our plan.

The Extracts offered by The Gleanings will be received with pleasure.

"Many articles intended for insertion are postponed, in making room for the Review of Quentin Durward.—Answers to our Correspondents, necessarily deferred.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

MR. GLOVER'S Exhibition of PAINTINGS is now Open, 16, Old Bond-street, opposite Stafford-street.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.

WAPETI and REIN-DEER.—These interesting objects of Natural History are for Exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, only a few Weeks longer. The majestic Wapeti will then adorn a Park, enjoying liberty and the full power of displaying their strength, symmetry, speed, and beauty. The growth of the Male's Horns is at present very curious. Open from Eleven till Dark. Admittance 1s.

WELSH BARDS.—A MEETING of Welsh Bards and Minstrels will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Thursday May 22, at Eleven o'clock—LORD DYNEVOR, President.—The Anniversary Dinner of the CYMMODORION will be on the same day—LORD KENYON in the Chair; Conductor, J. Parry, Cardiff Alaw. Tickets to be had at the Tavern.

EXHIBITION, 9, SOHO SQUARE.—Two superb Drawings by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. will be added to this splendid Collection on Monday next, May 19th, and will be placed in the centre of the rooms. A STORM and A SUN-RISE. These powerful productions, from the pencil of Mr. Turner (being just finished), will continue a few weeks only for Public inspection. The Exhibition, which is entirely new from that of last year, consists of Drawings by British Artists, living and deceased.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy.—Turner.—Wilson—Gainsborough—Jackson—Wilkie—Stothard—Collins—Sandby—Ward—Cooper—Westall—Gandy—Haydon—Martin—Landseer—Havell—Clennell—Cozens—Girtle, &c. Also the Works of Eminent British Engravers. Open from Ten till Dark. Admittance 1s.

RAPHAEL'S celebrated FRESCO DE-SIGNS for the OLD and NEW TESTAMENT.—The Nobility and Public at large are respectfully informed by Mr. T. H. CAPTY, that the celebrated Series of Fifty-two highly finished Water Colour Drawings, executed (after twelve years continued application) by J. C. DE NEULEMEESTER, the distinguished Professor of the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts at Antwerp, from the great Designs of Raphael, for the Old and New Testament, painted on the Piombon of the Loggia of the Vatican at Rome, will open for Public Exhibition, at the Great Rooms, 601, Pall Mall, on Wednesday the 21st inst. The original Work of Raphael has been for nearly three Centuries the theme of universal admiration, and these Copies were celebrated at Rome by the best judges in Europe. N.B. The Exhibition of Mr. George Hayter's great Historical Picture of the Queen's Trial is still open at the Rooms.

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AN exact Lithographic Representation of the CIRCULAR ZODIAC, or Planisphere of the Ancient Egyptians, accompanied with a printed Account and Description of the same. To be had at the Exhibition Room, Spring Gardens, from 11 till 5 o'clock, price 6s. plain, coloured 7s.—The purchasers of this Print, which is 20 inches square, will moreover have the opportunity of seeing, without expense, a Painting which was executed in Paris, being a new and brilliant display of this unique and learned Monument.

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